

F
74
.H45B3

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00017214858





212th Anniversary

163

OF THE

Indian Attack on Hatfield,

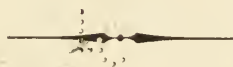
AND FIELD-DAY OF THE

Documtuck Valley Memorial Association,

AT

HATFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,

Thursday, Sept. 19th, 1889.



NORTHAMPTON, MASS.:
GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY.

1890.

F 04

.H45B3

Committee of Arrangements.

Town Committee.

S. G. HUBBARD, CHAIRMAN,
E. A. HUBBARD,
W. H. DICKINSON,
D. W. WELLS,
THADDEUS GRAVES,
C. M. BARTON, COR. SEC'Y.

P. V. M. Asso. Com.

REV. E. BUCKINGHAM,
JAS. M. CRAFTS,
J. JOHNSON,
SETH B. CRAFTS,
S. G. HUBBARD.



PREFACE.

Several of the addresses which otherwise would appear in full in this pamphlet, were never written, and only meagre abstracts of them are now to be had. Especially is this to be regretted in the case of the address of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Huntington. A few papers have been printed which did not form a part of the exercises of Sept. 19th, because of their interest in connection with the events there considered.

Thanks are due the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association for their contributions to our local history, and for the interest which their field-day exercises have awakened. We are also indebted to Hon. Geo. Sheldon who has furnished for our use the narrative of Jonathan Wells; and to J. R. Trumbull for the letter of Hope Atherton; also to the family of Franklin Hough of Louville, N. Y., for permission to use certain papers belonging to them which relate to the attacks on Hatfield and Deerfield.

The completion of our work has been much delayed by the illness and death of Mr. S. G. Hubbard, who projected the memorial exercises to which this pamphlet relates, and in which he bore the most conspicuous part. We had relied upon him to give form and accuracy to these records, but without his aid we have done what we could to make the pamphlet fulfil the purpose of those who wish its publication.

C. M. BARTON,
D. W. WELLS.

Address of Welcome by Thaddeus Graves.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and members of the
Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.*

Gentlemen:—I deem myself fortunate to have been selected to extend to you on behalf of the town of Hatfield the cordial right hand of welcome, for we are aware that it is owing to your tireless vigilance and zeal in a great measure that these memorial services are held here to-day. You are an institution known and honored, not only throughout this valley but the entire state, both for what you are and what you have done. You have labored incessantly, in season and out of season, to encourage and promote careful research into old records, to the end that the scattered threads of local history might be gathered and rescued from oblivion, and that all relics and materials linking us to the past should not only be preserved from destruction, but rendered sacred. You have so elevated and instructed public sentiment that the removal or destruction of an old landmark like the old house at Deerfield would be no longer possible. You have established at Deerfield a large and highly interesting and instructive collection of curiosities, a perpetual monument to the patience, perseverance and industry of those who have by untiring effort brought it to its present state of perfection. We bid you God-speed in your noble enterprise, and trust that in the coming years you may succeed in imbuing this realistic age with something of your own spirit, leading its attention from the present and its enjoyments to fix it upon the past, its labors, trials, and sacrifices.

We welcome you, Ladies and Gentlemen, our daughters and sons, who have gone from us to settle elsewhere, and who have

now come back to celebrate with us this anniversary. We thank you for your presence and support, and trust in the future we shall be able to enjoy more of your society than we have done in the past. We bid you welcome home, at the same time assuring you that the heart of the old mother has never changed toward you, but has ever followed you lovingly in your wanderings, glorying in your successes and taking pride in your prosperity.

We have, Ladies and Gentlemen, a historian by whom the events of the day we celebrate will be thoroughly and ably related at length, and with no intentions of encroaching upon his department, I still feel it not inappropriate for me, at the very opening of these ceremonies, to place before you in few words, the prominent incidents attending the Indian Massacre of Sept. 19, 1677, and the subsequent rescue of the Captives, that you may the better understand and appreciate what will follow.

Two hundred and twelve years ago to-day, on a hazy September morning, the good people of Hatfield were engaged in their usual occupations, the men had gone into the south meadow to cut and stack the ripening corn, while their wives and daughters having finished their ordinary work were busy preparing dinner for the men whose return was expected at the usual hour of twelve o'clock. The children of which there was a goodly number, were either playing about the doors of the humble dwellings or watching their mothers at their work. All was peace and security, no thought of danger disturbed even the most timid. A picture of more secure and tranquil enjoyment can hardly be imagined, when suddenly all is changed and the security and happiness that has prevailed in this little village is rudely broken by the fierce war-whoop of the savage as fifty armed and painted warriors who had crawled noiselessly down through Pudding Lane and finding nothing to oppose their progress burst suddenly through the gate separating the lane from the main street. They entered the northern part of the town, not then enclosed within the protection of the palisade that did not extend quite as far north as the present residence of Silas G. Hubbard. In a moment all was terror and the wildest confusion. The Indians quickly shot or dispatched with the tomahawk those who sought escape by flight, the rest were taken prisoners, the houses and barns devoted to the torch and a scene of wanton destruction followed. A portion of the band went

north to destroy the homestead of Benjamin Waite, a noted Indian scout and fighter, who then lived on the site now owned by Jno. Knight, burned his buildings took his wife and children captives and hastened to join the main body of their friends. The men returned hurriedly from the field, warned of danger by the clouds of smoke that rose from the ruined village. As they approached the town an ominous silence more oppressive even than the shout of triumph seemed to enfold the devoted town. Upon entering the street the full extent of their misfortune burst upon them, for familiar as those rugged pioneers of this early settlement were with the Indians and Indian warfare the whole scene was at once present to their minds and they expected what upon search they found, the smouldering ashes of houses and barns, thirteen mutilated bodies of the slain and the rest, seventeen in number, gone into captivity, borne to the almost trackless wilderness by a wiley, relentless and cruel foe. But who were they who had so suddenly come so suddenly gone to leave such utter desolation behind them? None could answer. Were they Mohawks from the west or some of the Northern Indians? None could tell. That night a meeting of citizens was held within the palisades, a little body of stalwart men and the whole matter was fully discussed. As a result of this meeting Benjamin Waite visited Albany and there ascertained that the raid was not made by the Mohawk Indians. About this time one of the captives, taken by this same band from Deerfield, made his escape, returned to Deerfield and came thence to inform the citizens of Hatfield that their friends were in the hands of the Northern Indians who were taking their captives to Canada. Another meeting was now held, an appeal was drawn up to the Governor of the Commonwealth for assistance. Two men were selected to place this appeal before his Excellency. Both men great sufferers from the raid, both in the prime of life. One distinguished for his prowess, Benjamin Waite a noted Indian scout and fighter, familiar with the woods, the Indians and their habits and methods. A man of great endurance and fertile in expedients. The other a man of great discretion, Stephen Jennings, a thoughtful silent man but resolute, persevering and patient, over whom obstacles had no influence save to increase his determination. These two men were wholly unlike in appearance and character but admirably fitted to work together,

each supplying the lack of the other. The inhabitants showed their wisdom in their selection. About the middle of October, nearly a month after the slaughter, these two humble farmers clothed in the rough garb of their calling and the times, armed with nothing but their trusty guns, turned their backs upon the little village to travel a hundred miles on foot through rough paths and wooded lanes to Boston.

In due time they placed the appeal before the Governor, but a treasury at that time never too full, had been depleted by the frequent calls to ward off Indian incursions and fight constantly for existence with the numerous savage tribes that surrounded them, and the Governor informed them with regret of his inability to give them pecuniary aid but gave them instead a letter of recommendation and credit. The kind hearted Governor further pointed out the dangers of the way, the well nigh insurmountable obstacles to be overcome by these two rough farmers before reaching Canada, through an almost unbroken wilderness, traversed only by bands of hostile Indians, and of the futility of their journey should they reach their destination, seeking captives from enemies with neither money nor valuables to give in exchange. But they had determined to go to Canada if they went alone, and selected upon consultation the route west of the Hudson river as being safest since it took them away from and around the shorter path travelled by their more bitter enemies. Bidding the Governor farewell they travelled to Albany one hundred and fifty miles on foot and thence twenty miles to Schenectady, but here the obtuse but suspicious Dutch authorities seeing as they imagined in those way-worn travellers some great danger to the state, arrested and sent them prisoners 150 miles down the river to the city of New York and delivered them to Governor Andros, a shrewd, keen man, who saw at a glance the mistake of his Dutch assistants but not desiring to make it too apparant, and being much occupied for some weeks, he neglected these humble men and allowed them to be retained as prisoners. But the matter being later urged upon his attention he set them at liberty and gave them a letter of protection. Armed with which they travelled backward 150 miles to the point where they were arrested, here they procured two guides, a Frenchman and an Indian to pilot them over the unfamiliar way northward. The Frenchman soon deserted them. The Indian conducted

them to Lake George, procured for them a canoe, pointed out the way northward and was gone. These sturdy but way-worn travellers have now made their way on foot over more than 500 miles of their rough journey and now find themselves alone upon the shores of Lake George. Winter with its storms and snows around them and the long unknown and trackless way before them. These must indeed have been heroic souls that could have faced these trials undaunted, but they boldly pushed onward over the lake, entered the untrodden forest, crossed Lake Champlain on the ice, arrived at Canada to find their friends the prisoners alive. The remaining months of winter they spent in Canada, ingratiated themselves into the confidence of the French and by the aid of the letter of credit furnished them by the Governor of Massachusetts, they obtained the release of all the captives, and the following spring brought them with an escort of soldiers to Albany near which place they were met by a delegation of citizens from Hatfield bearing supplies who escorted them in triumph home, which ends the brief account of one of the most heroic, self-sacrificing and resolute exploits recorded in history.

Do you seek to know more of these heroes? They both died a violent death at the hands of the Indians. Would you visit their resting place? It must be said of them, as was said of the old law-giver of Israel, "No man knows their sepulchre." But they need no "storied urn or animated bust" to render illustrious their noble deeds, but rather, may they say in the language of the Roman poet, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*" I have erected a monument more lasting than brass, for the brazen monument or the marble pile, fretted with sculptures from the moment of its erection seeks disintegration and decay, and particle by particle, as century succeeds century, under the resistless influence of gravitation seeks the common level, to be scattered by the wind or trodden under the feet of the careless; while the heroic deeds of Benjamin Waite the Indian scout, and Stephen Jennings the silent, embalmed in memory of a grateful posterity, shall grow brighter and brighter as generation follows generation, while time shall last or civilization shall endure.

Address of Hon. George Sheldon.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen of Hatfield:

It has been said, that on occasions like this, men are moved by sentiment only. Though these are the sneering words of a scoffer, I accept and adopt them, as a fitting fact.

For what bonds are stronger than the ties of sentiment, and what sentiment binds peoples or communities more firmly than a consciousness of a common heritage, whose title was secured by common toils, privations, and sufferings, and sealed with the blood of brave men and women, a common ancestry.

The lives and deeds of Benjamin Waite, Samuel Allis and Samuel Foote, are alike the heritage of Deerfield and Hatfield. You gave them birth, or nurtured their manhood. Their life blood sank into our soil, and their bodies turned to dust beneath the verdant sod in our old God's Acre, hard by the fast flowing Pocumtuck. Their names are engraved upon your hearts, while we have enshrined them in our Memorial Hall, where they are carved on enduring stone.

Other ties there are, more tender and personal, which bind these two places together. In union is strength, and considering the almost countless unions between the men and women of these towns, which the centuries have witnessed, it would seem that a cable of old fashioned steel, forged on the glowing anvil of the frontier blacksmith, could not bind our peoples more strongly together than these invisible cords of sentiment, reaching from heart to heart. It is this feeling of kinship, as well as of veneration for our ancestors, which prompts the observance of this day. May we mutually receive from it, kindly inspiration, moving us to its fitting celebration.

In the name of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which I have the honor to represent, I thank you for this cheering welcome, so heartily and gracefully extended by your eloquent representative. Although this is our first excursion beyond the borders of Little Franklin, we have no where met a more cordial greeting, although our only mission is, as the Indians would say, to "brighten the chain of friendship" and freshen the spirit of reverence for a worthy ancestry.

We have held Field Meetings for the dedication of monuments in memory of Moses Rice at Charlemont, of Nathaniel Dickinson at Northfield, of Eunice Williams at Greenfield, and of Memorial Hall in Deerfield. Meetings to celebrate the centennials at Sunderland and Leverett, the semi-centennial at Erving, and the bi-centennials of the battles at Turners Falls and Bloody Brook; a meeting at Ashfield to mark the site of the first stockade; another at Coleraine, near the site of the first grave yard—one object being to arouse a public sentiment which should insure its rescue from neglect and desecration. As for our visit to-day, we frankly say we have no ulterior designs upon Hatfield. We know of no neglect to remedy, we have no suggestions to offer. *But*, if the outcome of this day's observance *should* be the erection of a bronze statue of Benjamin Waite leading little Sarah Coleman out of captivity, with a pedestal representing in bas-relief Ashpelon, the chief, emerging with her from the waters of Lake Champlain, it would be quite as much as we expect.

I shall touch lightly upon those themes which naturally fill the minds of this assembly. The orator of the day will doubtless satisfy the demand for a full history of the events of that disastrous morning we meet to commemorate. That he has been an industrious and faithful student, I can bear testimony, and question not the results he brings you will be a truthful presentation of facts; facts which may be new to many of this generation. Do not, therefore, shake your heads with doubt, and do not be excited to wrath if some cherished family traditions are found to have been varied a little, in passing from mouth to ear, as one generation followed another in the vanished centuries. Nor even if they should turn out to have had no foundation in fact, being pure romances from the brain of some yarn telling, fun loving ancestor. Such things are not un-

known. Traditions are valuable beyond price, but they must often be accepted with a pennyweight of allowance—yea, sometimes with a whole pound.

The later student has always the advantage. He has not only the benefit of all former research, but also what dust encrusted or mouldy manuscript from trunk, and closet, and leaky garret, will yield up to his careful scrutiny. I shall not be surprised if before I leave this stand I am tripped in some of *my* theories; if some of *my* conclusions are found untenable. Nor shall I be grieved. Truth in history, before all things, is *my* aim and end. If new matter be brought to light in the ransacking which this meeting has prompted, let us hope no conservative hand will withhold it from the public. In the case of *very* old papers, have not the public, in a broad sense, a sort of joint ownership in them, as trustees for future generations? If not restrained by excessive modesty, I might remark, in a quiet aside, that *we* are the representatives of that future, and that Memorial Hall is a safe and permanent place of deposit—but I refrain.

Thanking you again for this kindly greeting, I would add it was no more than we had good reason to expect. Our forefathers in the day of their need, found the people of Hatfield most generous. Hospitable homes opened the doors wide to shelter them, when forced to flee from the wrath of the Indians in Philip's war; and again in the devastation of Feb. 29, 1704. To the promptness and bravery of Hatfield men on that fateful morning, it was largely due that a remnant of our people needed any shelter, save that in the bosom of mother earth.

The events of that day are not likely to be treated by others, and I trust it will not be considered an unfitting time, or this an unresponsive assembly, before which to speak of those Hatfield men, who, warned of our distress, took their lives in their hands, mounted in hot haste and rode to the rescue. We have no need to analyze the motives of these brave men. As they rode with headlong speed up the snowy Pocumtuck path, the lurid light reddening the northern sky, and reflecting on the white openings in the woods through which they sped, told too well the dire disaster befalling their neighbors and their kin; and that was all they had need to know.

Faster and faster the panting steeds were urged, until in the morning light, their riders saw a horrible scene of desolation

and woe. Tall chimneys, with fire place and oven standing naked, amid the glowing cellar, where had stood the settler's home. Ruins of heavy timbered barns lay smoking about the blackened hay mows, which still sent out fitful flashes of flame with every eddy of the troubled air. Carcasses of cattle, sheep, and swine scattered about upon the trampled and bloody snow, where they were killed in wantonness or slaughtered for food. And most ghastly sight of all, nude and mangled forms of men, women and children, their neighbors, friends and kindred, victims of a most hellish act of civilized France, lying where their murderers left them on wintry beds of snow, which now had taken on a crimson hue.

The foray of Ashpelon, in 1677, was an act of savages, the last wave of Philip's war. It was a raid merely for plunder, and by the code of Indian warfare, conducted with humanity. The assault upon Deerfield was *not* an act of international warfare. It was *not* an attempt of the Pocumtucks and Norwattucks to recover the homes of their fathers. Probably not one of their number was with the invaders. It was *not* an attempt to conquer territory. De Rouville, the commander, never for one moment thought of holding the captured town for France. No, it is clearly established that Gov. Vaudreuil sent his trusty officers of the Line, with a horde of blood-thirsty barbarians to surprise and sack a New England village, and murder its sleeping inhabitants, as a cold blooded act of French policy. It was to show the northern Indians that the French were their friends, able and willing to give them opportunities for gratifying their natural propensity for blood and plunder, and thus to secure their alliance. All the sentimental stories about this bloody raid being a grand and patriotic attempt of the Indians to revenge their wrongs, recover their old hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers, are pure fiction, and must vanish into thin air, before the facts of history.

Your ancestors and mine, seeing and hearing the dreadful sights and sounds, on their arrival at Deerfield, did not know—nor did they need to know—these facts, to awaken their manhood, inflame their hearts, and nerve their arms. At the time of their arrival, the main body of the enemy had drawn off with their captives and booty across the river. Scattered bands were engaged in wanton destruction of animals and property ;

and a considerable body was still besieging the house of Benoni Stebbins. These flew like chaff from the threshing floor before the charge of the infuriated men from below, towards the main body, which many never reached. Observing this charge, De Rouville hastily threw his army into an ambuscade. The reckless daring of the pursuers, led, doubtless, by Sergeant Benjamin Waite, carried them into the trap, with fatal consequences. Overpowered ten to one, our men retreated, fighting inch by inch, to the fort.

No plumed and armoured knight, coursing with lance in rest, or smiting with sword and mace a Paynim horde around the walls of Jerusalem, showed more chivalric fire or nobler daring than this brave band in homespun, fighting their pagan and christian foes on Deerfield North Meadow, in the attempt to revenge the slain and rescue the miserable captives out of the hands of the spoiler.

That my theme is not leading me so far as it might seem, from the men and events of Sept. 19, 1677, will appear as a few words are said connecting in a remarkable manner the actors and victims of each occasion. I wish here to state clearly, that what I have said of the Hatfield men applies as well to the men of Hadley and Northampton, their comrades in the ride; and to the men of Deerfield who joined them on their arrival. Limit of time compels a confinement in the brief personal notes which follow, to those *Hatfield* men, who were of that troop which rode up the dark valley, on the morning of Feb. 29, 1704. As I cannot speak of them in order of merit, while each was eager to be foremost, they will be named alphabetically.

First. *Samuel Allis*.—He knew that his mother and two sisters were in the fated town, and the furious gallop, was a lagging pace to his anxious fears; and the discovery that *she* lay dead and mangled among the ruins, and that *they* were captives in the hands of barbarians, may have aroused him to that pitch of fury which banished all prudence and carried him headlong to his death in the fatal ambuscade.

Second. *Samuel Belding*.—He could not forget how the savages had murdered his mother at Hatfield, Sept. 19, 1677; nor could his half brother, *Richard Billings*, who rode by his side, equally eager to be avenged on the destroyers. But they could not outride *Nathaniel Coleman*, son of Dea. John Coleman,

whose wife was killed Sept. 19, and whose daughter, Sarah Coleman, is the picturesque heroine of today's celebration.

Third. *Ebenezer, Nathaniel and Samuel Dickinson*.—Their uncle, Obadiah Dickinson, was a captive of Sept. 19, the man whom the savages, with a refinement of cruelty, unknown to the Inquisition, compelled to lead his friend and companion, old Sergt. Plympton, to the stake, soon after their arrival in Canada. These young men could not be laggards in the race.

Neither could *Samuel Field*, remembering that his father had been shot by prowling Indians at Hatfield ten years before; nor *Benjamin Field*, a nephew of the murdered man. But Samuel Field could not know how his whole future life was to be shaped by the events of this day. While bravely fighting in the meadow by the side of David Hoyt of Deerfield, one of the seven defenders of the Benoni Stebbins's house, the latter fell. Two years later Samuel married his widow, settled in Deerfield, and became one of her most honored citizens. His sister Mary married Jonathan Hoyt, of Deerfield, a brother of David, a young captive of that sad day, and in the course of events became my great great grandmother.

Samuel Foote.—His mother, Mary Foote, with two children, was taken in Ashpelon's raid. His little sister Mary, after enduring the hardships of the long miserable march, was murdered in Canada. Was it the recollection of these cruel wrongs which urged him to the fore front, where he bravely fell, fighting with his face to the foe?

Samuel Gillet.—He was one of the three children of widow Hannah Gillet, who had been, on Sept. 19, 1677, five months the wife of Stephen Jennings. She with two of her children were carried captive. All were brought back by her husband and Benjamin Waite the next spring, with the addition of her new born daughter—*Captivity Jennings*.

John Graves.—His father was one of the slain of Sept. 19. John was now a man of mature age with a wife and six children. Prudent but brave, he was not backward in the contest. As he warmed up in the pursuit across the meadows, he threw off his belt, coat and waist-coat, which were lost in the retreat; but he was cool enough to pick up a blanket and a hatchet which had been dropped by the Indians, whom they had driven in their first onset. This man was the ancestor of him who, as your

organ, welcomed us to Hatfield but now. I had some reason to suppose that this Indian hatchet would figure prominently in this welcome. To this we could take no exception, as it certainly figured prominently in the reception long ago given his ancestor at Deerfield. Had this hatchet appeared on this platform, with well established traditions how it had been preserved in the Graves of his ancestral line for nine score years and five ; in spite of my reputation hereabouts as an iconoclast, I could not have the heart to send this to keep company with the "little hatchet." of G. W. But as I too "cannot tell a lie," only careful concealment would have been made of the fact that the hatchet picked up by John Graves, was taken by the government and sold for one shilling and sixpence.

John Marsh.—Two of this name were living in Hatfield at this time, and our John cannot be certainly identified. But *he was there* and probably his *double*. A petition to the General Court gives the name of John Marsh as one of the band of fighters on the meadows. By another official list we find "John Marsh and Sarah Dickinson, two Hatfield persons," named as among the captives. Finding these two persons thus conjoined by those who knew the facts, I have looked for some romantic sequel to this untoward result of John and Sarah's unfortunate visit to Deerfield and consequently to Canada. So far the search has been fruitless, but I commend its continuance to Johnson and the Marsh family.

Thomas Russell.—His mother and two brothers were killed Sept. 19, when he was but four years old. The traditions of this event must have come to him this morning with a new reality, and nerved his arm for the desperate encounter. But he came off safe, only to be killed while on a scout near Deerfield the next year.

John and Joseph Smith were of the rescuing party, but of the *six* Johns and *five* Josephs living at this date in Hatfield, these two cannot be identified, and credit must be given to the Smith family in general. The probabilities are, however, that Joseph was the son of that John Smith who was killed by Indians on your meadow May 30, 1676, and the husband of Canada Wait, daughter of Benjamin and Martha Wait, born in captivity, January, 1678. In this case, Joseph must have witnessed the death of his father-in-law while fighting by his side.

Benjamin Wait.—Your adopted son, the hero of to-day. The trusted guide of Capt. William Turner, on his march to Peskeompskut, May 18, 1676. When his fellow guide, Experience Hinsdell, lost his head and his bearing, the next morning, and led one party to destruction in the dark morass, our cool headed hero led Capt. Turner's main body through the swarming savages, mad for revenge, and brought it safe to Hatfield. The story of his peerless perseverance and his indomitable energy in the recovery of the captives of Sept. 19, will be told in full by others.

John Wait, son of Benjamin, could not be far from the side of his father. Little could he anticipate, as he looked upon the desolation of Deerfield, that his daughter would marry one of the rescued boys, and that hundreds with his blood in their veins, would become prominent in the annals of reconstructed Deerfield.

Daniel, John and Samuel, sons of *Daniel Warner*, must have been full of anxiety for the safety of the family of their brother Ebenezer, and their sister Lydia, with her two weeks old baby. They found in the place of Ebenezer's comfortable home, a glowing chasm ; and his whole family in the power of the red-handed foe. Their sister with her baby was safe, and her husband joined the brothers in the vain attempt to recover their kindred.

Ladies and gentlemen, you and I have a direct and personal interest in these men. Their blood flows in the veins of many I see around me, and doubtless many a heart-beat has quickened at the mention of their names and deeds. For myself I count among them two direct ancestors. Twelve of allied blood fought shoulder to shoulder with your ancestors on that fated day ; two of whom left dead upon the field of honor, rest in the same grave which holds the ashes of their unfortunate companions in arms from Hatfield and Hadley. What wonder if our blood grows hot as we recall that day of horror. The life current of sixteen of my kindred crimsoned the snow upon which their mangled bodies had been ruthlessly flung, and twice that number were captives in the hands of the marauders ; forlorn, despairing, hopeless, destined to a march through the deep snows of the unbroken forest to the far off Canada.

If these personalities seem obtrusive, bear in mind that I rep-

resent not myself alone. My story is but the duplicate of that which may be told by many who hear it. I speak for them also.

Mr. Chairman, Deerfield is indebted to Hatfield in other ways besides those already noted. Not only for help in times of sore need, but for reinforcements of men who became permanently part of the home guard, our bulwark against our Northern foe in later wars. Who among us can boast of better blood than that which came with the Hatfield contingent? We took from you your last Hope of an Atherton family, and your whole stock of Arms, and left not an Amsden; we drew largely on your tribe of Allis', also your Bardwells, Barnards, Beldings, Billings and Browns; of Clarys, Cowles and Crafts we took not a few. Your Dickinsons made many a mark among us, but enough were evidently left for seed. We took your last Evans, a strong delegation of Frarys and divided your Fields. If we robbed your Graves there was certainly a spared monument, but of your Hawks we took every bird in the nest. Our Hicksons, Hoyts, Hinsdales and Plimptons tarried on their wanderings awhile in Hatfield, but whether they found you too good or too bad does not appear. We drew but sparingly on the families of Kellogg, Nash, Scott and Selden, but largely on that of Smith; I believe however this name did not become extinct here. We took and so did the Indians, Quentin Stockwell, who figures so prominently in the events we commemorate. Our Warners and Whites were of your stock, and of Wells we left you a scanty supply; but as water was not, as now, supposed to be the standard beverage, it was a more serious thing when we took your whole stock of Beers.

The advance of civilization in New England with a single and marked exception—the movement from the Bay to the Connecticut, in 1635—has been up the valleys of her rivers. Is there any other explanation for this migration from Hatfield to Deerfield, with no returning current? For I do not recollect a single family which went back, unless a case be made out for one who can contradict me on the spot. We are too modest to claim any advantage of our town over yours, and it appears that in one thing essential we were lacking.

Now sir I stand ready to couch a lance in defence of the women of Deerfield, against all comers, to maintain their beauty and grace, their intelligence and industry to the last. Still, it

is a noticeable fact that Deerfield men of old, in making matches were in a habit of wooing and winning wives from among the women of Hatfield, and I am not prepared to say that they could have done better by staying at home—I mean the women. Whether this historic fact be a reflection on the men of Hatfield or the women of Deerfield—whether the women of Hatfield had a habit of following after the men, or whether the men of Deerfield naturally went back for “the girl I left behind me,” may be considered as open questions.

I have looked forward to this meeting, Mr. Chairman, with deep interest. In your grand welcome to our Association, as we come among you to hold our annual Field Meeting, and in the great crowd here gathered we see an awakening of that historic spirit it is our mission to stimulate and encourage, and we take it as a compliment on our success. Yours is an old historic town, your citizens have taken a leading part among the “Gods of the valley,” in both politics and war, and I am glad to find a revival among you concerning “old times in the Connecticut valley.”

In closing I beg indulgence for still another allusion to my personal interest in this occasion. As we recall the noble deeds and commiserate the sorrows and sufferings of those involved in the event we celebrate, you will all remember the hard lot of Obadiah Dickinson, the Hatfield captive, who was forced to lead Sergt. Plympton to the fiery torment in Canada. In the greetings of to-day I shall doubtless clasp hands with many of his descendants. I can claim a kinship with them all, for I also am a descendant of Obadiah Dickinson.

I have done to-day what I should allow no other one to do, I have brought from Memorial Hall this little relic. It was placed there for safe keeping by Edwin Bardwell of Whately, whose life of usefulness and honor has since closed. It is what remains of a *little shoe*, the eye sees nothing more—a little *worn ragged shoe*, its sole of leather, its top of stout red serge, now torn and faded. How many a small shoe down at the heel and with holes where the rosy toes have peeped out, has been wet with the tears of a sorrowing mother, when taken from its soft wrappings among her sacred treasures. But no mother ever wept over this little shoe. Its wearer was motherless from the hour our tale begins. What is the story held in trust by

this precious ragged relic? How the heart swells and the eyes fill at its story. This is the one tangible object, so far as I can learn, connecting this day directly with Sept. 19, 1677. The pathetic tale it tells is of the long and terrible march of little Sarah Coleman, daughter of Dea. John Coleman, a child of four years and seven months, snatched from your midst 212 years ago this day at about this hour. It tells of pattering footfalls on the bare floor of Dea. Coleman's house which made glad a mother's ear as she was busy about her household cares on that bright—that *dark* September morning. It tells of little laggard feet shuffling through the brown leaves of October. Little feet entangled with briars or held fast in the half frozen mire of bleak November; little stumbling feet benumbed by the frost of December. And when nature refused longer to endure the strain and the worn waif sank exhausted on the snow or ice, of little helpless feet dangling by the sides of the burly savage who bore her, while her fingers froze as she clung to the straps fastening his pack to his shoulders. What mother can keep back the tears at the thought of *her* four-year-old darling being in the place of Sarah Coleman? But how little can she, or we, realize the actual condition of the poor orphan child. Stunned by the fierce war-whoop, torn by a hideously painted Indian from the arms of her mother, the last sight of whom as she lay weltering in her blood, must ever haunt her sad eyes by day and fill her dreams with horror. Exhausted by travel and lying at night under the broad canopy of heaven on the cold ground, with the noisome things of night creeping or flying about her. What but the blessed sleep of childhood and the brave heart and sound body inherited from her father, carried her through each day's march of loneliness, longing and suffering, and gave her strength for endurance to the end.

If there is any blood in my veins beside that of Ensign John Sheldon, that should give me vigor and endurance and a realizing sense of what is meant by a march through the winter wilderness to Canada, it is that which carried the wearer of this little shoe over the long wearisome miles stretching away between Hatfield and Canada. For I too inherit the blood of Deacon John Coleman.

Historical Address by Silas G. Hubbard.

The great mass of interesting material contained in the town records, the colonial records of Massachusetts and New York, together with documents, legal and ecclesiastical, and private papers relating to events which occurred in Hatfield and men who lived there, would make a large volume of material of great interest and value. We have met to celebrate on this 212th anniversary, an event which enlisted the interest and sympathy of every town in the Massachusetts colony in the year 1677.

Before proceeding with the story of Sept. 19th, it will be proper to say a word about the first settlement of the town. About the year 1635 a few brave, God-fearing and enterprising men left their new and peaceful homes and settlements in the vicinity of Boston and struck out boldly a hundred miles into the western wilderness, taking with them their wives and children. They planted settlements which soon after became the towns of Wethersfield, Hartford and Windsor, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was the first bold movement of the Pilgrims to leave their secure position on the sea-girt shores of Massachusetts Bay. The actual advance guard of the Anglo Saxon race, who turned their faces toward the setting sun, and commenced that grand march of civilization that was destined never to stop until it had spanned a continent and established a nation, the growth and the result of the principles and ideas of the New England settlers, that long since has become the wonder and admiration of the world.

Of the fifty-nine men who signed the agreement to settle the unoccupied plantations in the Norwottuck Valley (now Hadley and Hatfield), thirty-two lived in Hartford, twenty-one in Wethersfield and six in Windsor, Conn. Those who wished to

settle on the West side of the river, signed an agreement for themselves to be dwellers there before Sept. 29, 1661. The West side for the first ten years was a part of the town of Hadley. Rev. John Russell was the first pastor of the Hadley church. The settlement west of the river had, in a few years, so increased that a division of Hadley appeared necessary, but it was not accomplished until after a long contest with the Hadley people. The town of Hatfield was incorporated in May, 1670. Town officers were first chosen the following year. About the same time liberty was granted by the Hampshire Court to enter into church estate. The Rev. Hope Atherton, a graduate of Harvard College, became the first minister and continued in the pastoral relation until his death in 1677, at the age of thirty-three, from disease contracted by exposure and hardship in the celebrated "falls fight."

The Hatfield lands were mostly purchased from the Indian chiefs Umponchalla and Quonquont of the Norwottuck tribe. The danger of attack from hostile Indian tribes which had been early taught in the sad experience of Eastern New England towns, had led to the location of settlers in villages for the better protection afforded.

Each family here possessed a home lot containing from three to eight acres, had lots assigned them in the meadows, and had individual rights in all the other lands of the township in common with all the settlers.

The church, the school and the town meetings were their cherished institutions. The By-laws of the town imposed a fine on all the people for non-attendance at the church and the town meetings. The first house was erected by Richard Fellows where the house of Samuel Fellows Billings now stands, in 1660. Thomas Meekins built the first grist-mill the same year, where the mill of Mr. Larkin now stands. The site of the first saw-mill is now occupied by Shattuck's fire arms factory. First child born in Hatfield, son of Nathaniel Dickinson, May 1, 1663. The first meeting house was built in 1670. Mr. Atherton's house was built in 1671.

From April, 1673, until July, 1677, a period of more than four years, there is a blank in the town records. This is unfortunate, from the fact that the missing records must have included important action of the town relating to grant of home-

steads, establishment of a school, disposal of the fund set apart for the establishment of a college, appropriations and action of the town on account of King Philip's war, and the three great fights with Indians which occurred in 1675 and 1676, within the town limits.

Unlike other towns in the colony at that early period, the people of Hatfield made provision for the education of girls together with boys in the town schools.

I find the following record:—"Jan. 13, 1678. The town voted to give Thomas Hastings twenty pounds per year to teach all such children in the town that shall be sent to him to school, to read and write according as their parents or masters shall see cause, the money to be raised upon boys that are between six years and twelve years old, and upon such girls as shall be sent to school, and if at three pence per week by the head, there arise not sufficient to make the twenty pounds, the remainder shall be raised as other rates of the town are raised." Similar votes were passed in town meeting from year to year. In the Assessors' record of sixty-six scholars in 1711, the names of eighteen girls are given as school attendants with the boys.

It appears by the record that the first negroes who attended school were named "Tobe Negro and Hampshire Negro." Their names are recorded in the school list of 1713, and also in 1714. The town records show that the early settlers had ideas of popular education in advance of the times in which they lived. They made provision for the education not only of boys, but of girls, and negro slaves, in the town school that was common to all alike, certainly a leveling of all distinctions in the school. It appears also upon the town records that the ideas of the settlers in regard to the importance and value of education to their children, led them to seriously consider the matter of establishing a college as the following remarkable action of the town appears to indicate;—January 16, 1671. "The town hath generally voted and agreed that the money given by the town with an intent to the promotion of the college, should be distributed to three ends—first, the promotion of the college aforesaid; secondly, for the relief of some christian friends in necessity; and thirdly, for the furtherance of gathering a church amongst us, and have left the power of distributing the same to the counsel to receive the distribution for the college." Feb. 7,

1671. "Voted, that the town have manifested that they are willing that the money engaged to be given toward the promotion of the college, notwithstanding any former vote, should be still put to the said work of promoting of the college."

What college, and whether to be located in Hatfield or some other town, the record does not say. It none the less shows and reveals a lofty ideal of duty, a spirit that has been developed by their descendants also to establish institutions of learning for the benefit of coming generations, and give them the facilities for a higher education in this new world. During the first period of fifty years from the settlement of the town, it is a fact worthy of remark that more boys born in town during that period acquired a college education than at any subsequent time of equal length. Hezekiah Dickinson educated a son, Jonathan Dickinson, who became President of Princeton College, and his son, a merchant in New York, endowed the college. Another son of Hezekiah, Moses Dickinson, graduated at Yale and became a settled pastor in New Jersey. Wm. Partridge and John Partridge, sons of Col. Samuel Partridge, graduated at Harvard College. William, Solomon and Elisha Williams, sons of Rev. Wm. Williams, were college graduates and the latter became President of Yale College. The number of settlers who each sent one son to college are quite numerous. John Hubbard sent one son to Harvard and he became a settled minister at Concord, ancestor of Hon. E. A. Hubbard. Four, at least, of his grandsons received a college education.

By the settlement of the people in villages better means were available for the concentration of social influences. The convenience thus afforded for schools and religious worship have no doubt had a powerful influence in moulding New England character.

The town was a miniature commonwealth, where affairs of the colony as connected with interests of the town, were discussed and acted upon. The many dangers by which they were surrounded served to unite the people by mutual interest in the common welfare.

Hatfield Main street was early partly surrounded by a line of palisades, which afforded protection against the sudden attack of savages.

In August, 1675, the four Indian tribes living upon the Con-

necticut river began openly to show their desire to aid Philip of Mt. Hope, then making war upon the colonists. The boldness and success of his efforts tended to induce the river Indians to unite their fortunes with him to destroy if possible all the settlements in Hampshire County.

I shall have barely time to mention the three fights which occurred in Hatfield during Philip's war. The first was called the "Swamp fight." The location was Hopewell Swamp, now in Whately. In this fight nine soldiers were slain. Azariah, son of Nathaniel Dickinson, and Richard Fellows, of Hatfield, were among the number killed.

Deerfield and Northfield were soon after attacked and desolated by the enemy, and Springfield became an object of vengeance, but although the scheme was favored by the treachery of Indians who professed to be friendly to the English, their plans were detected in season to prevent their full accomplishment.

The success of the Indians made them eager to continue the work of destruction, and on the 19th of October they made a second attack on Hatfield in great numbers. The town was garrisoned by Captains Moseley and Poole, while a body of troops at Hadley under Capt. Appleton, and another at Northampton under Major Treat, hastened to Hatfield, and after a few hours of sharp fighting, the Indians were forced to retire, after losing great numbers slain. The loss of the English was ten men slain, of whom Hatfield lost two—Thomas Meekins and Nathaniel Collins. After this defeat in Hatfield the great body of the Indians withdrew from this part of the country.

Hostilities continued in the settlements until winter, and Deerfield having been mostly burned, was abandoned, and a number of its settlers removed temporarily to Hatfield. Anxious to secure the grain stacked in the Deerfield meadows which escaped destruction, Capt. Lathrop with a party of men and teams were sent to thrash the grain and bring it to headquarters. When the party were returning they were ambuscaded on the 18th of September at Bloody Brook by about 700 Indians, and the captain and seventy-six men were killed.

In May, 1676, word was received that the Indians were planting at Deerfield and fishing at the Great Falls above that place, since known as Turners Falls. After obtaining information through Thomas Reed, an escaped prisoner, of the Indians at

the Falls, it was determined to attack the Indians with what soldiers could be raised in the river towns. This expedition was an effort to dislodge the Indians from that threatening position, which was the base of their supplies of food. About 160 men from all the towns of Hampshire assembled at Hatfield May 18, 1676, under Capt. Wm. Turner and Capt. Samuel Holyoke. Rev. Hope Atherton of Hatfield attended the troops as chaplain. Benjamin Waite and Experience Hinsdale of Hatfield were the guides. The general facts about the successful attack and the disastrous retreat from the Falls are so familiar that it is unnecessary at this time to give the details. Thirty-eight of the English, including Capt. Turner, were killed, and all excepting one were killed on the retreat. Among the slain of Hatfield men were Samuel Gillet, John Church, William Allis, Jr., and Experience Hinsdale. The Indian loss was very great; as to the number, historians differ. From what I know of the Bardwell accuracy, I am inclined to accept the count of their ancestor, Robert Bardwell, who made the number of Indians killed 230. Hatfield soldiers bore an honorable part in this battle, and Benjamin Waite was successful in avoiding the ambuscades of the enemy and led the soldiers that followed him to a place of safety on the retreat. In commemoration of the battle the *Falls* were called Turners Falls ever afterwards.

This event was followed in twelve days by a *third* Indian attack on Hatfield by from four to five hundred Indians. Most of the men were at work in the meadows, but the few that remained made a spirited resistance. As many of the Indians were occupied in plundering and destroying property, it gave the settlers a good opportunity to rally within the fortifications. A party of twenty-five resolute men came across the river from Hadley, who fought their way from the ferry at Indian Hollow up to Hatfield, losing five of their number killed near the south end of Main street. The enemy were finally repulsed with heavy loss, and this was the last engagement in the war in which the Indians appeared in numbers, or showed their accustomed bravery. In this attack the enemy burned twelve houses and barns outside the fortifications, killed many cattle, and drove away nearly all the sheep. John Smith, one of the Hadley party, who so nobly came to the rescue of Hatfield, was killed. He was in the Falls fight twelve days before, and was considered

a young man of bright promise. His son, Joseph, settled in Hatfield and married *Canada*, the daughter of Benjamin Waite. The famous Hatfield Smiths were their descendants.

After the Falls fight the fortunes of war went hard with the Indians, and the 12th of August King Philip of Mount Hope was hunted down and killed. This important event was soon followed by a peace with all the New England tribes, and the colonies were left to realize the hardship of their losses, strengthen their fortifications, rebuild their ruined homes, and cultivate their wasted fields.

It will be remembered that during this war the home governments of New England and Canada were at peace, and were withheld by treaties from favoring hostile enterprises against each other. England had been at peace with France since 1668 and was not involved in war with that country until twelve years after the event we are now to consider.

Frontenac, governor of Canada, received instructions from his King, Louis XIV. to cultivate a good understanding with the English and avoid any cause of complaint, still the relations of the English and French in America were at no time cordial. Rivalry for the possession of the Indian fur trade created jealousy and unfriendly feeling. In order to secure the profits of this trade, there was a constant tendency of each party to make dangerous alliances with Indian tribes. The French had their emissaries among the tribes, and drew large numbers, particularly of the Mohawks, within their immediate influence, settling them within sight of Montreal. The effect of war has a tendency to cultivate a feeling of wrong and hatred towards the victors. It was noticeable that for months after peace with the Indians had been declared, the latter had not been seen about their former haunts in the valley. When they were seen, sullenness had taken the place of the former "netop" friendly greeting. There was a foreboding that this nominal peace was not sincere on the part of the Indians. Still the settlers did not apprehend any immediate danger. The Indians had fled to Canada, and if they should revisit the Valley with hostile intent, their band would be few in number, there would be warning of their approach so that they could be easily repelled. Later events show that the French succeeded in fanning this spirit of revenge towards the English in order to secure their

own selfish purposes. This cherished feeling of revenge or some morbid thirst for plunder, were motives sufficient for savages to fall upon the frontier settlement.

A year had passed since the close of King Philip's war, and the people of the settlement, relieved from their fears of a savage foe, had in the early spring resumed their usual occupations. Seed time and harvest had come and gone. Providence had smiled upon their efforts, and their well filled barns contained the substantial rewards of their labor. Nothing remained to be done in the meadows but to harvest the golden corn and prepare the ground for the crops of another season. It is natural for us to picture that 19th of September, a bright, autumnal morning, with the landscape made glorious with brilliant colors crowning the hillsides and the Valley—a grand panorama of beauty to feast the senses, such as are found at no other season of the year. A season conducive to peace and quiet enjoyment. Suddenly a shrill, prolonged and unearthly sound breaks upon the villagers. They have heard it before, and know well in the past what that blood thirsty savage cry means. It curdles the blood—it paralyzes the brain as it wildly rends the very air. It is that most dreaded of all sounds, the *war-whoop*. See how it benumbs the senses and rivets the child to the spot where the horrid sound arrested him, to fall an easy prey to the terrible savage arrayed in war paint and feathers. None near to guard and protect the home—to save the helpless mother and her little ones. The brave father in the meadow has heard those ominous sounds, and now sees the smoke of his burning buildings as he hurries on to witness those terrible scenes of fire and blood. Too late. The frightful work of butchery and ruin is accomplished. The treacherous foe with the captives have made good their retreat northward through the swamps, ready to employ their old tactics to ambuscade any pursuing party. Benjamin Waite with others reached the scene of desolation, only to find his house and barn a smoking ruins; but of his wife and children he could find no trace.

The attack was made about 11 a. m., when the greater part of the men were dispersed in the meadows, while several were employed but a few rods distant from the house of Benjamin Waite, in building the house of John Graves, Jr., which he was soon to occupy after his marriage to Sarah White, daughter of John

White, Jr., a few months later. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that his father, John Graves, and uncle, Isaac Graves, with two other workmen were shot from the building. All the other victims of this savage butchery were stricken down at or near their own homes.

That afternoon of Sept. 19th was a time of terrible excitement and overwhelming sorrow to the remaining inhabitants of the town. They beheld the smoking ruins of three houses and four well filled barns, which was but a small matter in that day of horrors. While some were caring for wounded women and children, the bodies of twelve others were found mutilated and stiffened in death. Among the number was Sergt. Isaac Graves one of the selectmen, and his brother John Graves a leading citizen. Mary, wife of selectman Samuel Belden, Hannah, wife of Dea. John Coleman, Sarah, wife of Samuel Kellogg, Elizabeth, daughter of John Wells. Thirteen homes had been invaded, and from one to four of the inmates of each had either been killed or carried away captives. Seventeen captives were taken, and their names are given as follows: Sarah Coleman, four years, and another child of Dea. Coleman; Martha, wife of Benjamin Waite, and her daughters, Mary six, Martha four, and Sarah two years; Mary, wife of Samuel Foote, an infant son and a daughter Mary of three years; Hannah, wife of Stephen Jennings, and her two children by a former husband, Samuel Gillet, who was killed at the Falls fight; Obadiah Dickinson and one child; Samuel Kellogg, Jr., aged eight; Abigail, six, daughter of Capt. John Allis; and Abigail Bartholemew formerly of Deerfield.

It was soon learned that the savages marched to Deerfield that afternoon, attacked the few settlers who were there to rebuild their homes made desolate during the late war. John Root was taken and killed, Sergt. John Plympton, Quintin Stockwell, Benoni Stebbins, and Samuel Russell aged nine, were taken prisoners. After gathering such plunder as they could carry away from Deerfield with eleven horses, the savages withdrew and joined the Hatfield captives on the East side of Deerfield mountain, camped for the night, and in the morning took up their slow and painful march northward. The party that surprised Hatfield numbered about fifty Indians under the command of Ashpelon, a chief, who evidently possessed some of the

noblest traits of the red men, and some of the captives had feelings of gratitude for his kind and humane intervention to prevent the cruel tortures that the other chiefs were disposed to inflict on the captives. Sheldon in his unpublished history of Deerfield, says : “ When Ashpelon left Canada a party of Nipmunks were in company. At some point on the route they parted from him apparently fixing upon Nashua Ponds as a rendezvous. The same day on which Ashpelon struck Hatfield, the Nipmunks reached the place where Wonolanset, a man of influence with eight men and some fifty women, lived. He was a Pennacook sachem, who had remained neutral through Philip’s war, and at this time supposed to be on friendly terms with the English. Partly by persuasion and partly by force, he was induced to join the river Indians and remove with them to Canada, from whence he never returned. The whole party moved towards Lancaster. Meanwhile Ashpelon sent messengers to notify the Nipmunks to join him on the Connecticut. With these went Benoni Stebbins. On the return of the party, Stebbins escaped about Oct. 2d, from a point near Templeton, and reached Hadley two days later. As the consequence of this act the remaining English prisoners were in danger of the threatened torture, and it was only through the intervention and policy of Ashpelon that this fate was averted. A short time before the Indians taken at Hadley had returned, and the question of the meeting at Hadley (in reference to the redemption of the captives) for which they had arranged was under discussion. The captives urged it, Ashpelon was in favor of it, and it was proposed to send Wonalonset as agent, but the Nipmunk sachems were opposed. ‘ They were willing to meet the English indeed, but only to fight and take them.’ The peace policy being overruled, Ashpelon advised the captives ‘ not to speak a word more to further the matter, for mischief would come of it.’ ”

At this period there was trouble between the Mohawks and the Christian Indians on account of the neglect of the latter to pay tribute to the warlike lords of the Mohawk Valley. Six Mohawks, fully armed, had been seized while hunting in the vicinity of Charles river and thrown into prison. A party of Mohawks with a scalp and two Natick Squaws on their return, passed the night of Sept. 18th in Hatfield. The Natick Indians had been allies of the English during the late war. Taking

these circumstances together, the conclusion was quite natural that the massacre in Hatfield was the work of Mohawks. Benjamin Waite, although distracted with grief over the loss of all he held dear on earth, did not give up to despair. He acted promptly. He immediately hastened to Albany to learn what he could. He returned with the assurance that the New York Indians were innocent of the affair, and he so reported to Maj. Pynchon of Springfield. The news of this Hatfield raid spread rapidly through the Colony, and when Benoni Stebbins had escaped and returned with intelligence from the captives, interest in using the best method to rescue the prisoners was greatly increased. Stebbins brought definite information. The Indians under Ashpelon were Norwottucks—river Indians that had fled to Canada after the late war. Major Pynchon acted promptly. He wrote a letter and sent it by post to Albany. He urged the commander to incite the Mohawks to pursue Ashpelon's marauding party, "their old enemy and ours," with a promise of reward for the service. "Ben. Waite (he says) has gone home before the intelligence (from Stebbins) came to me." "He talked of going to Canada before, and I suppose will be rather Forward to it now, than Backward." This grim humor of Pynchon embodies a high tribute to Waite's sagacity in deciding upon the right course of action, even *before* Stebbins had been heard from. It was the plan which he afterwards carried out so successfully. Waite's plan for visiting Canada to recover the captives was soon arranged. In answer to a petition from the town of Hatfield for aid in this enterprise, the General Court on the 22d of October issued an order for the purpose, and resolved that the expenses attending it should be defrayed by the Colony. (Records of Mass. vol. 168.) Waite carried the petition to Boston and was commissioned by the governor and council to carry out the scheme.

With this one object in mind, neither distance, climate, an unknown pathway through the wilderness, nor savage foe had any terrors for him. Stephen Jennings, a kindred spirit, bereaved also of wife and children, joined Waite in the knightly expedition, the forlorn hope, and the first to attempt the rescue of captured settlers in Canada.

With letters for the authorities in Albany and Canada, the men left Hatfield Oct. 24, and reached Albany the 30th. They

were coldly received by Captain Salisbury, the commanding officer, and commanded to wait upon him again. The impatient men could not wait, besides they were armed with superior authority from the governor of Mass. Not thinking of giving offence to Englishmen, their own countrymen whose sympathies should naturally be enlisted in this their mission of love and duty, they immediately pushed on to Schenectady to procure an Indian guide. Here the old jealousy of New England appeared, and upon a stupid pretext, they were arrested, sent back to Albany and thence sent to New York for examination before the governor of the New York Colony. After hearing the explanations and story of the agents Waite and Jennings, the complaint was soon dismissed, the sympathy of the officials was enlisted and they were sent back with instructions to Capt. Salisbury at Albany not to interfere with them again, but rather aid them on their way. This cruel delay prevented their progress beyond Albany until Dec. 10. Four weeks at least of their precious time had been sacrificed to smooth the ruffled dignity of the Albany captain.

Securing with some difficulty a Mohawk guide, upon whom they could rely, they proceeded to Lake George, where the Indian guide left them after making a rude sketch of the way through a wilderness which was then unknown to the English. They found a canoe at the head of the lake and crossed to its outlet in three days and carried their craft three miles across the portage to the west shore of Lake Champlain. This path led across the spot where Fort Ticonderoga was afterwards built.

This point was reached on the 16th of December. The ice had not yet formed sufficiently to support them, and after trying to advance in this manner, they returned after one day's journey, and carried their canoe forward to the open waters of the lake. Here they were wind bound six days, and unable to make any progress. Their provisions were now exhausted, and had they not killed some raccoons found in a hollow tree near the shore, they would have suffered the utmost extremity of want. On their way they found a bag of biscuit and some brandy in a deserted wigwam that had probably been left by a Canadian hunter, and at length they arrived at the frontier French town of Chamblee, then a settlement of ten houses, on the 6th of January. They found Jennings' wife on their way

to Sorel and five others of the captives at that place, several of whom had been pawned to the French for liquor. They here learned that the remaining prisoners were with the Indians not far distant, excepting a little daughter of Mrs. Foote and Samuel Russell, who had been put to death by the savages, the latter after their arrival in Canada. Mrs. Waite had added a little daughter to the number of captives, whom she called Canada. Sergeant Plympton of Deerfield had been burned at the stake near Chamblee. Obadiah Dickinson of Hatfield, another captive, had been compelled to lead him out to his terrible death. From the surviving prisoners they learned the details of the hardships of the march, the horrible scenes and the torture of forebodings that this band of mothers and children had witnessed and felt. During the whole of this period they were in imminent danger and constant fear of suffering the worst tortures that savage ferocity could inflict. All this they were repeatedly threatened, and had witnessed their infliction upon an aged man who had been their fellow prisoner.

They were often upon the point of starvation, and towards the close of the journey were exposed without adequate clothing to the rigors of a northern winter. About 200 miles above Northfield the party had divided and crossed over to Lake Champlain, arriving after intense suffering at the frontier settlements of the French. Waite and Jennings found it necessary to secure the assistance of the French governor to obtain the prisoners, and accordingly pushed on to Quebec, where they were kindly received and assisted in getting the surviving captives together. They were ransomed from the Indians by the payment of 200 pounds, but remained in Canada until the approach of spring. In the meantime Mrs. Jennings added a daughter to the little company, and she called her name Captivity.

The cruel sufferings of the captives during that painful journey of over three months have been graphically detailed in the following narrative of Quintin Stockwell one of the Deerfield captives : —

It fortunately happened at this juncture that Count de Frontenac, governor of Canada, had occasion to ask a favor of the English governor at Boston. When the arrangement for ransoming the captives was completed, Frontenac sent two mes-

sengers to Albany, who arrived there March 2d, with intelligence of the safe arrival of Waite and Jennings, their success, the condition of their captives, and their probable return in May. This intelligence was forwarded to Major Pynchon early in March and sent to Hatfield.

On the return of the agents with the ransomed captives, they were furnished with an escort of eleven men under the command of Capt. De Lusigny. They set out on the 19th of April, 1678, traveling slowly, stopping to hunt as occasion required, they occupied sixteen days in going through the lake. Two days more brought them across the portage to the Hudson, and on the 22d of May they arrived safely in Albany.

From Albany the following letters were written and forwarded by messenger :—

STOCKWELL'S LETTER.

Albany, May 22, 1678.

*“Loving Wife :—*Having now opportunity to remember my kind love to thee and our child and the rest of our friends, though we met with great afflictions and trouble since I see thee last, yet here is now opportunity of joy and thanksgiving to God, that we are now pretty well and in a hopeful way to see the faces of one another before we take our final farewell of this present world. Likewise God hath raised up friends amongst our enemies, and there is but three of us dead of all those that were taken away—Sergt. Plimpton, Samuel Russell and Samuel Foote's daughter. So I conclude being in haste, and rest your most affectionate husband till death makes a separation.

QUINTIN STOCKWELL.”

BENJAMIN WAITE'S LETTER.

Albany, May 23, 1678.

*“To my loving friends in Hatfield :—*These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived in Albany now with the captives, and we now stand in need of assistance for my charges is very great and heavy, and therefore any that have any love to our condition let it move them to come and help us in this strait. Three of the captives are murdered—old Goodman Plympton, Samuel Foote's daughter, Samuel Russell. All the rest are

alive and well, and now at Albany, namely, Obediah Dickinson and his child, Mary Foot and her child, Hannah Jennings and three children, Abbigail Allis, Abbigail Bartholomew, Goodman Coleman's children, Samuel Kellogg, my wife and four children and Quintin Stockwell. I pray you hasten the matter, for it requireth great haste. Stay not for the Sabbath, no shoeing of horses. We shall endeavor to meet you at Canterhook (Kinderhook) it may be at Housatonock. We must come very softly because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten them, stay not night or day, for the matter requireth haste. Bring provisions with you for us.

Your loving kinsman,

BENJAMIN WAITE.

At Albany written from mine own hand. As I have been affected to yours all that were fatherless, be affected to me now, and hasten the matter and stay not, and ease me of my charges. You shall not need to be afraid of any enemies."

Intelligence of the safe arrival and success of the agents in Canada had been received at Albany early in March. Timothy Cooper, of the Council at Albany, wrote Major Pyncheon the full particulars and the good news was probably forwarded by him to the people of Hatfield about that time.

The company tarried at Albany from Wednesday until Monday when they set out on foot, and at Kinderhook about twenty miles distant, were relieved by horses that had been sent forward from Hatfield upon receiving news of their approach. At Westfield they were met by their friends and neighbors from Hatfield and their passage homeward was nothing short of a triumphal procession. Every neighborhood turned out to welcome the returning captives and shared with enthusiasm in the general rejoicing. Five of the French escort went on with the party, and continued their journey to Boston, having business with the government respecting some of their own nation who were said to have been brought into that port as prisoners. The other six of the escort remained in Albany awaiting the return of their companions, and were in the mean time enjoying the hospitalities of the town.

The letters of Waite and Stockwell were copied by Samuel Partridge (then a young man of thirty-two) and forwarded to

Medford, and the Rev. John Wilson of that town immediately sent them to Gov. Leverett at Boston. The 6th day of June had been previously appointed as a day of fasting and humiliation. After receiving these letters, the governor issued an additional notice to the public May 30th. He stated that great charges would arise for the redemption of the captives, commended the case to the people of the several towns, and invited them to make contributions in all the churches on that day. "For the quickening of this work we do hereby remit a copy of Benjamin Waite's letter to be read on that day."

This touching appeal was generously responded to, and the contributions on that day amounted to 345 pounds, one shilling and four pence, raised in forty-six towns and places of the Massachusetts Colony. The name of Benjamin Waite will go down in history in connection with this thrilling event as the leader of it, and his connection with it is but another example of the trueism, that in every great crisis of human affairs God raises up a *man* for the emergency. The name of Benjamin Waite first appears in the records of Hatfield in 1663. That year he was elected to keep the West side pound. In 1664, he received a grant of four acres in North meadow. He married Martha Leonard of Springfield, June 8, 1670. He was born probably in the eastern part of the Colony, or perhaps in R. I. He evidently received advantages of education.

Hatfield's Hero, 1677.

Written by Margaret Miller for Hatfield's Memorial Day.

Struck with woe and consternation were the hearts in Hatfield town
When the fierce and fearful red men from the north came swooping down,
For all the heavy timbered gates were standing open wide,
As peace had reigned a twelve-month now along the river side.
The many stalwart farmers were stooking up the maize
To the southward, where the Capawonk pursues her winding ways.

The fiendish work was quickly done. The men returned to find
Their houses smoking ruins—twelve dead were left behind—
And a silence that was anguish rested heavy over all.
Friends and kin were taken captive, far beyond their reach and call.
Seventeen were numbered missing, yet among those stricken men
Only two had heart to follow, seek and bring them back again.

A month they talked and counselled, spoke of rescue, then drew back,
For quick slaughter, lingering torture, followed in the savage track.
Awhile they feared the worst had happened, then, with courage high,
Benjamin Waite rose like a hero, going forth to save or die.
With him Jennings, both sore smitten, robbed of wives and little ones,
Started eastward, unattended, armed but with their trusty guns.

First to Boston for assistance. But the state, of money drained,
Could provide no guard of soldiers. Yet the men, by faith sustained,
With written vouchers for their need, thro' thick woods took their way,
Ever hastening, pressing forward, young hearts brooking no delay.
When the weary march was ended, winter treading on their heels,
To the colony at Albany they made impetuous appeals.

Still no help, but further hindrance. Down the Hudson they are sent.
Governor Andros heard their story and his tardy aid he lent.
Reinforced with timely letters, past the jealous Dutch again,
Northward still in toilsome marches plodded on the steadfast men.
To Lake George a trusty Indian journeyed with them as a guide,
Then on alone, with rough chart only, thro' the wilderness untried.

Who can paint their untold trials, who can picture them in thought,
 Ere to heart-sick, hopeless captives, late deliverance they brought ?
 January's storms were raging, yet they safely crossed Champlain,
 And,—encamped a few miles northward,—there they found their own again.
 Found their own, these venturous heroes, and surprises, too, in store;
 Each brave wife a new-born daughter in her shelt'ring arms upbore.

Like the fragile flowers that blossom 'neath the freezing Alpine sky,
 The little maids survived and flourished—of hardy stock, they could not die.
 Shall we follow still the true hearts, in their labors not yet done,
 Struggling onward thro' the snow-drifts, storm and wind, and wintry sun,
 To Quebec, the northern fortress, off'ring ransom full and sure
 Not for kindred, but for every captive freedom to procure ?

So lordly was Quebec, 'twas like the court of sunny France,
 Where ladies whiled the time away with song and merry dance,
 And many were the young knights there to win a soldier's fame,
 That should add its luster to some ancient and historic name.
 With manly heart Waite told his tale to lords and ladies gay;
 His words, though plain, were diamonds unadorned to win their way.

'Twas not till welcome spring arrived with all her myriad train,
 And 'gan unlock the icy barriers of the wood and plain,
 That Waite and Jennings started on their joyful homeward route
 Victorious, accredited, with a soldier guard about,
 And of the many gifts they to the ransomed captives bore,
 But one remains, the little shoe that Sally Coléman wore.

Now we follow their returning “softly” with their little band,
 Pausing oft to rest the children, firm of courage, strong of hand,
 In expedients fertile, making every wild thing serve their end,
 Till at length arrived at Albany, home the joyful news they send.
 Hark the tidings ! Hear the heart-beats, when along the village street
 Rings report of Waite's glad letter, borne by messenger so fleet.

“To my Loving Friends and Kindred,” thus his thrilling word we read,
 “Safe thus far we've brought our charges, and your help we greatly need.
 Any, therefore, who do love us, come and help us in this strait,
 For we much do need assistance and our care is very great.”
 Then he names the rescued captives—three only fallen by the way—
 Nineteen people ransomed. Now the letter speaks to say:

“Pray you hasten, for the matter much requireth speed from you.
 For the Sabbath pray you stay not, nor for any horse to shoe:
 Come provisioned. Time is urgent. Let not night your footsteps stay,
 At Kanterhook we'll meet you, if no cause our march delay;
 Of enemies about your path no danger will there be,—
 As I unto your fatherless, be ye affected now to me.”

'Twas Hatfield's "Great Calamity" on that September morn,
When the village stood unguarded and the men were stooking corn;
'Twas Hatfield's "Day of Jubilee," the brightest in her crown,
When our heroes, 'mid rejoicing, thro' the street came marching down.
It was a touching sight to see that little way-worn band
Coming homeward to their own, their well-beloved land.

Sturdy women, tender children, brave as made of Spartan clay,
Let honor wait on all who toiled that fearful, frozen way.
From lip to lip the story ran; the fame spread thro' the land
Of him who fought a winter long, steel-true in heart and hand,
Courageous, strong and resolute to meet his unknown fate,
And came a conqueror home at last, our hero, BENJAMIN WAITE.

Letter of Samuel D. Partridge, of Milwaukee.

READ BY C. K. MORTON.

S. G. HUBBARD, Esq.—*Dear Sir* :—In my whole life I do not remember to have received any invitation which afforded me greater pleasure than the one from your Committee to be present at the anniversary of the 19th of September, 1677.

I have not the vanity to suppose that my presence would add to the interest of the occasion, or my absence detract from it; but my personal gratification and longing draw me strongly to visit once more my native town. In my absence of forty years, I have seen something on both sides of the Mississippi, but I have found nothing that equals in beauty the Valley of the Connecticut, or excites any rivalry in the affection which I bear for the place of my birth.

In response to the request made in the communication I received from Hatfield, I have embodied in this paper all that I know respecting the Stockade, erected by the first settlers for their defence against the Indians. About fifty years ago, Mr. Sylvester Judd of Northampton called upon me at my home in Hatfield, with a request to join him in an effort to ascertain the precise location of this Stockade; with which request I readily complied, and we proceeded forthwith to give our attention to the business. We commenced in the home-lot of Col. Erastus Billings, and soon found the object of our search. We traced it from Col. Erastus Billings's lot through that of his brother, Mr. Roswell Billings, into the lot of my father—and I recollect that there it passed through the site of an old tan-yard; we then followed it into the Dea. Partridge lot, at that time owned by Miss Lois Dickinson, thence through the lot of Chas.

M. Billings, thence through that of Capt. Elijah Smith, and through Dr. Lyman's home-lot. We knew that we had not reached its northern limit, but for some cause, now forgotten, we followed it no further, being satisfied that we had found the right location. It ran parallel with the street, and I should think about 200 feet distant from it. There was, in those days, a small orchard directly in the rear of Mr. Roswell Billings's garden, and this orchard was enclosed on the west by a fence running across the home-lot, and my impression is that the line of the Stockade passed from twenty to thirty feet west of the line of this fence. It may be that this fence remains, but if not, I am sure that Mr. Erastus Billings can point out its precise location. I think there can be no doubt that the Stockade extended south far enough to include whatever buildings may have stood on the allotment of Ozias Goodwin on the west side of the street, and those of Daniel Warner on the east side. And I think, also, that it extended north to a point not far from the line between the allotment to Daniel White, Jr., and that to John Allis—something less than one hundred rods in length—and would include the lot of Daniel White, Jr., on the west side, and that of Samuel Dickinson on the east side, whose north line was two rods further north, than the north line of Daniel White, Jr. This line, between Allis and White, would be twenty-four rods from the Middle Lane, and one hundred and two rods from the highway to Northampton; and would in all probability include all the houses in existence at the time of its erection, except those of Richard Fellows and John Cowles south of the Northampton road.

It is quite evident that the Indians, on the 19th of September, 1677, met with no resistance from the inhabitants of the town, and that they did not even see any white man, except the four whom they killed at the upper end of the street, and Obadiah Dickinson whom they took captive. It does not even appear that they were or need have been in any hurry in making their retreat; but it would seem that they met with some obstacle which arrested their progress and prevented any further ravages toward the south, and there can be no reasonable doubt that this obstacle was the Stockade.

It may be thought that under such circumstances they could easily have broken through the stockade; but it is said that on

one occasion in Northampton they had made their way inside such an enclosure, but in consequence of a rally of the inhabitants they found it very difficult to get out, and from that time were careful not to repeat the attempt.

I believe that William Gull's allotment was just without the Stockade on the east side of the street, and it does not appear that any outrages were committed there, I conclude that either it had no inhabitants, or that they had made good their escape within the Palisades. It will therefore follow that the two most northerly houses within the enclosure were those of Daniel White, Jr., and Samuel Dickinson.

The homestead of Mr. S. G. Hubbard now occupies the whole of the John Allis lot and a part of the Daniel White, Jr. lot. The place was occupied by a member of the Allis family about the beginning of this century, and passed from him to Lieut. Rufus Smith.

There is a tradition—and it certainly has an air of probability—that the Indians entered the street through the Middle Lane. With the exception of the three places at extreme north end of the street on the west side, all the houses visited by them seem to have been in this immediate vicinity. The three houses on the west side of the street, between the Middle Lane and the Stockade, were taken by house-row; and the five visited by them on the east side, were all adjacent to each other. No violence seems to have been done on the east side above the house of Philip Russell, nor on the west side between the Middle Lane and the three houses at the north end of the street. The fact that this murderous band of Indians, unpursued, left no traces of violence above the points mentioned, might raise a suspicion that there were no other buildings above the Palisades.

A daughter of John Allis was taken captive and his barn burned. The next house north, the same as that occupied by the late Israel Morton, was that of Obadiah Dickinson, whose wife was wounded and he with one child was taken prisoner, and his house burned. The house and barn of Samuel Kellogg on the corner of Middle Lane, where the Academy now stands, was burned, and his wife and child were killed. Mary, wife of Samuel Belding, who lived on the opposite side of the street, in the house next north of William Gull's, was killed. Next north of Samuel Belding, and not far from opposite the Middle Lane,

was the house of John Coleman, whose wife and infant child were killed, two young daughters taken captive, another child wounded, and his barn burned. Next above John Coleman, was the house of John Wells, whose daughter two years old was killed, and his wife and another daughter wounded. I think the lot of John Wells was the same with that of Remembrance Bardwell. Next above was the lot of Samuel Gillett, but was then occupied by Stephen Jennings, who had married his widow. His wife, with her two children were taken captives. This lot was the same occupied by the late Ebenezer Morton. Next, was the house of Philip Russell, whose wife and young son were killed. I think the Russell place is the same as that formerly owned by Lieut. Samuel Smith. No further outrages seem to have been committed on the east side of the street, and none on the west side between the Middle Lane and Deerfield Lane; but on the second lot above the latter—and if my memory serves me right—on the lot owned by the late John D. Brown, was the house of Samuel Foote, from which his wife and two children were taken captive. The next lot north was owned by John Graves, Jr., and it is here probably where the men were killed who were “at work on the frame of a building.” Two of these men were the father and uncle of John Graves, Jr., and the other two—“Atchisson and Cooper from Springfield”—were probably at work on the building. It is evident that John and Isaac Graves were not in their own houses, for those were within the Palisades; and as the record shows that John Graves, Jr., was married a few months later, it is reasonable to suppose that he was then preparing a house. Hubbard, in his history, says they were raising the building, but that is improbable, as he also says, “the men of the town were dispersed in the meadows.” The next house was that of Benjamin Waite, sixteen rods from the north end of the street. This I suppose to be the place now owned by the heirs of Jeremy Morton. As long ago as I remember, the place was occupied by David Waite. The house was old, of one-story, and when Mr. Morton built the house which now stands there, he did it by enlarging the old one. At this place Benjamin Waite’s wife and three children were taken captive, and his house and barn were burned. Of Abigail Bartholomew, who was taken prisoner, I know nothing, except what Mr. Judd says in his History of

Hadley, "that William Bartholomew lived in Deerfield before the war."

There are two names among the foregoing which are worthy of a more extended mention than can be given in this communication—Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings. These men by an effort of courage and patient endurance, which has seldom been surpassed, succeeded in rescuing and bringing safely home their own families and all the captives who still remained alive. We know that their contemporaries held them in the highest honor for their perseverance and bravery, and their names are so identified with the early history of Massachusetts that they cannot be forgotten.

SAMUEL D. PARTRIDGE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug., 1889.

Extract from Address of Bishop Huntington.

He began with a brief reference to his personal relations with Hatfield through his residence in Hadley, the mother town, just across the river. He alluded to the fine old ancestral homestead he occupies, a commodious residence built in 1752 by his maternal grandfather, Capt. Moses Porter, whose father was captured by Indians and burned at the stake. Some very interesting reminiscences of Rev. Dr. Lyman, the old pastor of the Hatfield church followed, comprising some circumstances not generally familiar to residents in this vicinity. From this point the talk branched off upon the Noble Connecticut, the glory of Western Massachusetts, the beauty of its scenery, its influence in determining the location of the settlement and its influence upon the settlers and their descendants. The associations connected with the stream, the fertility of the valley and the changes in its course, formed a fruitful theme. When Hatfield, the daughter of old Hadley, wished to set up house-keeping for herself, the separation of the two portions by the river was given as a chief pretext for that separation. Hadley, of course, loving her daughter, as what mother does not, objected to the separation and the argument was brought forward that it was inconvenient to cross the river to go to church, that the screams and noises of the women and children while crossing the stream rendered them unfit for ordinances. The fisheries of the stream before its great dams were built were a fruitful source of revenue. It abounded so in salmon that shad were put to shame and even excluded from the tables as not sufficiently aristocratic fish and were even plowed into the fields for manure.

“The other side of the Indian question” was taken up and a masterly plea made for the savage. The historical incidents

related during the day have had a tendency to present the red man in his worst aspect. We have had the dark picture of massacre and arson reproduced without a redeeming circumstance. Yet there is another point of view that should not be forgotten. For the first thirty years after the advent of the white man peace reigned between the two races, and relations were most harmonious. In order to disturb this fair state of affairs there must have been error upon both sides; the white man must have been to blame as well as the Indian, as will be shown by John Elliot's opinion as expressed, and that of others who had faith in the Indians, they were not altogether irredeemable. True, the praying Indian sometimes went back, but are there no backsliders among ourselves at the present day?

My own personal relations with the Indian in some respects have been such that if any one should cherish animosity I would have the right to, my great grandfather having been tortured and burned at the stake. For the last twenty years I have been thrown into close spiritual relations with Indians upon the Onondaga reservation, engaged in the work of educating, civilizing and spiritualizing them and have formed a high opinion of them. I am at present engaged in an effort to have them raised to the rights of citizenship, allowing them to hold lands in severalty, etc., privileges that will do much toward elevating them. I am familiar with their better traits and their worse traits, particularly their indolence and slowness of apprehension and singular inaptitude for mathematics.

Bishop Huntington related some amusing instances of the exhibition of these traits and then proceeded to relate a few circumstances in connection with the conversion of Albert Cusick, by right of descent the head chief of the Six Nations, who renounced that chieftainship, as much to him as the crown of England to the Prince of Wales, and embraced Christianity, forfeiting all right to tribal eminence. The conduct of other Indians was noted and their careers as ministers, etc., partially traced.

The circumstances lying back of the two races received attention, as having a great bearing upon the question. The Puritan had behind him 6000 years of history, example and precedent, the New Testament of fifty generations, the Gospel of 1600 years. Back of King Philip, Uncas and the other Indians was naught but complete hopelessness and Cimmerian darkness.

The greater the obstacles in the way of civilizing and Christianizing a race, the greater the duty of Christianity to put forth its efforts,—the more hopelessly a spot is sunk into ignorance, the more necessity that Christianity should lift it up—the more helpless the ward of the nation the greater its need of being lifted into the light of civilization. In this contrast have not justice, fairness and Christianity something to say ?

The alleged decline or decadence of the country towns was reviewed by the speaker in conclusion. He thought the reason for the desertion of the farms and country homes by the young people lies not so much in any exhaustion of country places as in the arising within the last fifty years, presenting active business opportunities and the promise of great opportunities in trade. Yet those who leave the country for the city are not the gainers in health, in character, in mind, body or spirit, and not one in ten secures the coveted fortune. The power of changing this state of affairs rests in the hands of those who were born in these places, and to them must these towns look for their regeneration and enlarged prosperity. There are many plans that could be of use, the establishment of reading clubs, evening lectures, etc., will have a strong influence. The effort to make the best of old Hatfield, not wandering far from her, will be effectual in creating a common life, good for all needs. An allusion was made to Smith College, an offspring of Hatfield, and he thought that much could be expected from its influence. One generation of earnest effort to make the most of Hatfield will result in producing a real republic, a Christian democracy, a kingdom of God on earth.

The Squaw Sachem of 1632.

By GEORGE BRADFORD BARTLETT, CONCORD.

The Sudbury and the Assabet unite in fond embrace
Around the rocky throne of her who ruled the dusky race,
And named the promontory rough, when but a merry maid,
EGG ROCK, because in that soft nest it happened to be laid.

Their legend says "that Indian Queen," with firm and gentle sway,
Governed the tribe that dwelt along OLD MASSACHUSETTS BAY.
Certain it is beyond a doubt, fair woman's gentle hand
Rules o'er the present manly race who occupy the land.

The noble red man, coopered well, bursts out in song and story,
So let us in the simple strain extol the female glory,
The gentle Squaw, neglected long by every noted author,
Excepting Pocahontas and the bride of Hiawatha.

The *woman's right to labor* to her was not denied;
The good man smoked the pipe of peace, a helpmate was his bride.
She cooked the food and built the lodge and brought the wood and water
And patiently did all the work as every woman *orter*.

A plain brown front, no storied flat where city thousands swarm,
No furnace fire, a hat sufficed to keep her old *wigwarm*.
Her *range* was in the forest wild, and, for a cheerful fire,
A captain from another tribe was all she could desire.

Her costume always was in style; no belle with face so pale
Excelled her in the mystic art of managing a *trail*.
With moccasin soft shod, all wrought with cunning fingers deft,
Her tender *sole* was tortured not with woman's *rights* and *left*.

No soothing syrup for her babes, she slung them on a tree
 To rock-a-bye to suit themselves so merry and so free.
 For them the sugar maple poured its very sweetest sap,
 Her brave papposes, strong and well, were not brought up on pap.

No organ or piano filled her lodges with frightful noise;
 She had a way of keeping still the noisy girls and boys,
 For, when the evening shadows fell, they sat upon the stoop,
 Chanting with all their might and main the musical war-whoop.

She taught him how to *raise the hair* with keenest tomahawk,
 Not like the *scalpers* now-a-days who kill a man with talk,
 To draw the long bow skillfully against the *bulls* and *bears*,
 To keep their wampum up to *pa* in midst of panic scares.

She never clamored for a place or tried to cast a vote,
 She never preached a sermon dull, or learned essays wrote,
 Contented with'er daily round to fill her proper sphere,
 For woman's mission is to please her lord and master dear.

Yet she was queen and ruler of a race of mighty men,
 And what has been is sure to be, to happen once again.
 The time is surely coming, the ship of state is *she*,
 And she who long has ruled our hearts our governess shall be.

Ye timid souls, fresh courage take despite the arts of man,
 This prophecy the sachem makes, despise it if you can,
 Before the coming century its rapid course abates
 A woman may be PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Remarks of Joseph L. Partridge, of Brooklyn.

Mr. President :—You have arrested me, hat in hand, with my face toward the door, and brought me to the platform. This I do not charge as impertinence on your part, but it would be the height of impertinence for me to hold this great audience with the expectation of a speech.

I came nearly two hundred miles to enjoy this 212th anniversary occasion, and have not been disappointed. I have no manuscript in my pocket and no speech in my head. I am indeed one of you—an old citizen—born more than eighty-five years ago, and living more than twenty years near this very spot. I have not been disappointed in any of the presentations of these hours. The historical facts of the massacre, the sympathy for the tortured and the captured, the ecstatic joy for their recovery ; with the magnanimous self sacrifice of Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings, as their deliverers ; as also many historical facts of the times of intensest interest, but never known before to many of this generation, have been eloquently and impressively depicted to our highest satisfaction. Those were indeed times that tried men's souls. But they developed in the men of the times the traits that made the nation ; and the perpetuity of the nation has been the product of the same. Given the same environments and we see the blood of the fathers has not deteriorated in the veins of the sons.

We have been entertained also with many reminiscences of olden times, before and within the memory of the oldest of us. Bishop Huntington has done us a pleasing service, for which we ought to be grateful. Not exactly one of us, but separated only by the breadth of the Connecticut, he has shown that he

has not been unobservant of what we are, and of what we have done. In his happy diversity of topics, many things are included of which I should like to speak. He has alluded to the staid character and the denominational unity of our town from the beginning. The town had its origin, in part at least, in the religious *controversies* of the lower towns on the river and in its vicinity ; especially in that upon the "Half Way Covenant," as involving the "rights of suffrage." The complications of the *religious* with the *secular* were ever very *divisive*. Even down to my own memory, Massachusetts *laws* required every man of whatever religious sentiment, or of none, to pay taxes for the support of the "*Regular Denomination.*"

The unbroken unity of this people, for two hundred years, in its religious organization, is a marked comment both upon their character and upon the successive clerical influences which have directed them.

Now, my friends, I promised not to make a speech, and I will be true ; will only add, with what pleasure I repeat my annual returns to these scenes of my early days ; and how gratifying the marked improvements in every direction.

Remarks of Rev. R. M. Woods, of Hatfield.

Our fathers were rich in homely virtues,—diligence, cheerfulness, patience, courage, self-sacrifice, godliness. Accomplishments are not to be despised, but they are not the materials out of which to build character. You must have sterner stuff behind and beneath them. Paintings, vases, musical instruments beautify a home, but these of themselves cannot make a healthy happy home. This has its beginning in a firm foundation wall, a dry cellar, a tight roof, sunny windows, and an ample chimney with a good draught. Children cannot make choice of their parents, but if any selection were possible, the wise child would make choice of parents such as our fathers were of 1677.

Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings are honored by us, to-day, not merely for what they were in themselves, or what they did. We delight to glorify them because we see in them representative men of Hatfield, and this Connecticut Valley, in 1677. They were representative men in the spirit of self-sacrifice which marked the whole story of their achievement. They belonged to an age of self-denial. The times in which they lived were times, not of conquest over the wilderness and the savage merely; they were times pre-eminently of self-conquest.

The basis of this capacity for sacrifice was an iron will. Strength of will is said to be the distinguishing characteristic of the Saxon race. The eloquence of John Adams was will. How power of will stands out in those portraits of Lient. Billings and his wife which are on exhibition! To avert the Revolutionary War our fathers sent remonstrances and petitions to the government of King George. I would have sent instead a few such pictures as these. He would have been a king more stupid even than George III., who would have ventured to sub-

jugate people put together with such straight backs and set mouths and massive jaws.

What a succession of victories Waite and Jennings achieved to accomplish their mission to Canada? There was a victory over discouragement and lack of sympathy, a victory over delay and approaching winter, a victory over the increasing cold and the hunger which was caused by the exhaustion of their supplies. And every victory they won was a victory over self. To my mind not the least of all their victories was the victory they won over themselves, when as unlettered men, they made bold to plead the cause of the captives before the French governor and the court at Quebec.

But the heroism we honor to-day is made radiant to me by its religious spirit. In all that has been read and spoken in my hearing, nothing has moved me more than the letter of appeal for help which Benjamin Waite sent before him from Albany to Massachusetts on his return with the ransomed captives. That letter is eloquent with pathos and faith. That letter still speaks. It is speaking now to you and to me, and this is what it is saying: "You children, who to-day glory in your fathers should not be satisfied until a suitable memorial is erected to their virtues and their achievements." We may not complete such a work in one day, in one year, but we can start. We can plan, and purpose, and set our faces thitherward, as Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings so promptly set their faces toward Canada when Hatfield was still in the desolation left by the torch and the tomahawk.

Until that memorial is completed, we shall never cease to hear the words Benjamin Waite wrote in his memorable letter:—"As I have been affected to you all * * * be affected to me now."

Address of W. H. Allis, of Springfield.

Mr. President, Kinsmen and Friends:—It gives me great pleasure to meet you on this interesting Memorial—Anniversary day (not interesting in its conception and horrible detail of massacre and captivity), but in the return of captives, reunion of families and continued prosperity to the present time. I gladly accepted an invitation from your worthy and efficient chairman to take a part in this memorial exercise in honor of those who fought, bled and died in planting this town. To refuse to pay tribute to their deeds of sacrifice and valor—“*verily the stones would cry out.*” It gives me courage and inspiration to see your faces ; veterans of three score and ten, four score, comrades, and school-mates of my own age ; young men and maidens, whose privilege it is to live in this good old town of Hatfield, probably named after a prosperous inland city in the north of England, Hertfordshire Co., on both sides of the river Lea. It embraces two suburban villages, one Hatfield Oaks and the other Hatfield Park ; the Park is two miles wide and five miles long.

This 19th of September comes with peculiar significance to me, as just forty years ago to-day I left the old hearthstone to find a new home in a distant town, now an infant city, with its numerous lines of railroads and streets cars, telegraph and telephones, and one thousand electric lights turn midnight to the glare of a noonday sun, and many other devices and inventions of man surround us in these modern times. All these I gladly leave behind to be with you on this memorial day, when all the sons and daughters of Hatfield meet here on common ground to honor that faithful band who planted this town in honor (buying their land of the Indians) ; dedicated it by faith, works and prayer and later christened it with their blood. 212 years ago

both families of my paternal and maternal ancestors with others were stricken with grief worse than death when the red savage entered the home, dragging away as captives the mother with her helpless children ; but this did not satisfy their mortal hate of Benjamin Waite ; they set fire to his house and barn, which consumed everything they did not carry away ; they stole Abigail, daughter of Capt. John Allis, and burnt his barn and many others, of which you all have read. Another fact of peculiar interest to me, the homestead of my ancestor Wm. Allis, included the land now occupied by the church, town hall, parsonage, school house and cemetery.

1. Our forefathers, who were they ? I answer, a band of congenial spirits, men of learning and mark, men of heroism and deep toned piety, intelligent and brave, who planned, toiled and suffered beyond what is or ever can be known ; they were a race of warriors who could never be conquered, they fought with the "*Sword of the Lord and Gideon*." They were not bigots or doubters, but men of common sense. Disciples of *Darwin* or *Lockwood* may indulge in fine spun theories about the human race being educated up from a *tadpole* ; this theory might do for them but not for us, the descendants of those pioneers representing the best blood in the country ; they were patriots, soldiers and statesmen every one.

2. What have they done for us their descendants ? They established the common school the cradle of liberty, the church the safeguard of morals ; they laid the foundation for the high social, moral and religious privileges we this day enjoy ; they were men of principle guided by the over-ruling hand of Providence ; for principle which stands so high, for which one might be proud to die.

3. What shall we do for them ? Men are known by their deeds, true exponents of character. Is it presuming too much to say those worthy pioneers are with us to-day as witnesses of our devotion to duty, the tribute and honor we this day pay to them as worthy sons of noble sires ? The inspiration and enthusiasm manifested here to-day cannot be all our own, if it be true that we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. What cause for rejoicing to see this great assembly of sons and daughters paying tribute and honor to those who deserve it and do ourselves the highest honor by honoring them.

While monuments are being erected costing thousands over the graves of modern heroes to immortalize their names, those invincible patriots, heroes and soldiers were buried without a stone to mark their resting place; though they are dead yet shall they speak.

I am glad to be with you to assist on this memorial day in laying the foundation for a monument more enduring than brass or stone, that shall preserve the *records* of this *ancient town* from oblivion. This shall be the day that marks a new era in your now unwritten history, except in fragments by different authors.

Our venerable president well represents the importance of the letter S used by railroads and marines as a connecting link in a broken chain. Every one present can be a letter S, large or small, to connect the past to the present, a record of passing events; this is history. I ask myself the question, each one of you can do the same. What can I do on this memorial day towards handing down the record of the manners and customs of our fathers and of our own time; the fittest shall survive. Shall this be the "Handful of corn on the top of the mountain, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." I hope none of us will incur the reproach of those who come after us for having neglected so important a duty as that of securing a complete memorial of our ancestors or ourselves, or to have it said of each one of us,

"Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man and who was he?
Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown,
His name has perished from the earth."

Jas. M. Crafts, historian and genealogist, gave a brief history of Benjamin Waite, who came from Rhode Island, owned land in Hatfield in 1659, and mortgaged it the same year. He probably got his Indian fighting qualities in the Pequot wars. He did not tell how Benjamin used to sell rum to the Indians, and how he was fined for being too active after sunset on the sacred Saturday night. He urged the town to secure the writing of its history.

Historian Temple, of Whately, told of the old Indian trails, whose location he had traced throughout the valley. The Indians did not frequent the hills much, but lived near the great river, at whose falls they fished.

Dr. Searle, of Syracuse, N. Y., who descended from our pioneers, with a trace of the Indian fighting blood in his veins, told how he was drawn to the Connecticut valley for the first time, two years ago, to trace out the location of places mentioned in certain deeds in his possession. He described the last attack on the settlement this side of Mt. Tom, in which his great-grandmother was struck with a tomahawk and left for dead, being saved by the wearing of a large hair comb. He eulogized their grand aims and deeds, and their mighty results, of the fathers in the institutions they founded, and society built on the rock of education, free thought and free action. Then he told of the dangers of immigration, and said while he welcomed English, Irish and Italians, he wanted England, Ireland and Italy abandoned when they came. These foreigners governed New York City and the city ruled the nation, a city eighty per cent. foreign, twenty per cent. able neither to read or write, and four-fifths taking its law from the Tiber rather than the Potomac.

J. Johnson, of Greenfield, recalled the time when President Sheldon and he discussed the formation of the association, and his eyes were now delighted with the results. He did wish Hatfield people would write up their history. He told of the Indian trails up and down the valley, and was positive that there could be found to-day indisputable evidence of their course.

Collection of Antiquities.

ARRANGED BY DR. C. M. BARTON AND JOHN H. SANDERSON.

In the town hall, next the church, were gathered enough relics of the early settlers to form a very attractive permanent exhibition, and it must have been wished by many venerators of antiquities that this display would lead to the beginning of a common and a permanent abiding place for them, where they might be removed from danger of fire and open to the sight of all. Each family will cherish most those articles descended from its own, but of greatest interest must have been the gun which the hero of the day, Benjamin Waite, carried over two centuries ago. Its flint and lock are gone; its muzzle is battered and jammed; but its wood-work of over five feet in length remains. Now owned by W. H. Dickinson. Waite's chair, a rocker, was there too.

Col. Williams's chair was loaned by S. P. Billings.

A sword used by Capt. Perez Morton in the war of 1812 was shown.

Dea. John White's gun, loaned by J. Doane.

There was the old hotel sign which hung when George the III was king. It bore the honored name of S. Partridge, and the word entertainment.

Chair, 1705, J. H. Sanderson.

Cloak, eighty years old, loaned by Mrs. J. Warner.

A rusty blade with unguarded handle, and this:—"This sword belonged to a crown officer, and is over 200 years old; loaned by C. D. Bartlett."

Tape loom loaned by C. Wilkie, and beside it flax iron. Painting of old elm in front of church, by John Wilkie.

A high backed "settle" from old Hastings place.

A stove of Israel Williams, loaned by S. P. Billings.

An oaken chest, beautifully carved and very well preserved, belonging to Rev. Wm. Williams, pastor of the church fifty-six years. On top of it an oak inlaid secretary belonging to Col. Israel, son of above, loaned by S. P. Billings, whose grandmother, Jerusha Billings, was a daughter of Col. Israel Williams.

Fire screen of Rebekah Dickinson, loaned by Mrs. D. Billings.

A little wood-bound foot stove with sheet iron box, loaned by Wm. H. Dickinson, and near it a vast array of warming pans, huge frying pans, suggestive of great camp fires, and other culinary utensils.

Looking glass brought to Norwich, Ct., by Sir Thomas Leffingwell, one of the first settlers, said to have come over in the Mayflower, loaned by Miss A. Dickinson.

Bottle used to carry communion wine by Dea. Jona. Morton, 1720, loaned by Mrs. J. Warner.

Two fine dresses, sleeveless, worn by Bethiah Dwight, who married Erastus Knight, 1810.

Among a case full of ancient deeds was a flint bag of smoked buckskin, loaned by Mrs. J. Brown. Here also were abundant arrow heads, stone axe heads, a stone gauge, and a lot of fine arrow heads found in an Indian grave by M. J. Proulx. In other cases were a large number of old books, and it pleased Bishop Huntington to note a book of common prayer in this community, which preserves its unity of religious worship almost alone among New England villages.

A powder horn used in King Philip's war, loaned by Mrs. Wm. Dougherty.

Portion of bed draperies belonging to Hon. Ezra Starkweather, member of Gov. Caleb Strong's council.

Baby's wool blanket 140 years old, of Mrs. Elisha Dickinson, great grandmother of Miss Hattie Billings, by whom loaned.

Powder horn of Henry Wilkie, a Hessian in Burgoyne's army, loaned by Chas. Wilkie.

Spread worked by Rebekah Dickinson and Polly Wright, in 1675, with their names wrought thereon, loaned by Mrs. David Billings.

Table over 200 years old, brought from England, loaned by Thaddeus Graves.

GENEALOGY.

BY JAMES M. CRAFTS.

WAITE.

The early records of the Mass. Bay Colony contain many allusions to the Waite families under various spellings of the name, as Waight, Waite, Wayte, Wayt, &c.

Richard Wayte came from England and was admitted to the church in Boston, Aug. 28th, 1634. He was sheriff of the colony in 1647, went on an expedition against the Narragansetts in 1654; in 1658, was rewarded for services in the Pequot war and also for his diligent pains in hunting out those who harbored Quakers.

Gamaliel Waite, of Boston, was brother of Richard; and Thomas Waite, of Seconet, R. I., supposed to be the father of Sergt. Benjamin Waite, is believed to be brother of Richard. Benjamin Waite is known to be of Rhode Island stock, and Richard Waite of Springfield, and William Waite of Northampton, are believed to be brothers of Benjamin.

Sergt. Benjamin Waite was born perhaps as early as 1640. He was in Hadley in 1663 and in Hatfield in 1669. In 1670 (June 8th), he married Martha Leonard who was born May 15th, 1649. He had a home lot granted him on the west side of Main street, fourth lot north of the Deerfield road and where lately resided J. D. Brown.

For his children with records of births, marriages and deaths, of his own, as well as the families of three sons—John, Jeremiah and Joseph—we can add but little to that given in the

history of Hadley. Lucy Waite, dau. of Joseph, m. Reuben Bardwell of Deerfield. Reuben dying soon she m. (2) Asahel Wright of Deerfield, and bore him 9 children.

It is our purpose of the 24 grandchildren named Waite, to follow but one, viz.:—Elisha⁴, son of John³, b. in Hatfield, Oct. 10, 1725, d. June 29, 1816, aged 91 years. He m. 1749, Martha, dau. of John and Martha (Allis) Wells, of Hardwick, Mass. She was b. June 12, 1731, and d. Feb. 2, 1817, aged 86 years. He resided in Hatfield on the road leading from Hatfield street to Whately. The place now owned by Edwin Brainard. Here his son Elisha resided, and grandson George, and perhaps some of the sons of George. They had children.

1. Lucy, b. Nov. 2, 1749, m. Lt. Noah Bardwell of Whately, and she bore him 15 children. She d. Sept. 11, 1833, aged 84 years.

2. Irene, b. Jan. 3, 1752, m. Jan. 1, 1778, Gad Smith, of Whately. She bore him 7 children. She d. May 5, 1842, aged 90 years.

3. Mary, b. in Hatfield, July 15, 1755, d. Dec. 5, 1781.

4. Elihu, b. in Hatfield, Aug. 15, 1757, m. (1) Rebecca Graves, of South Hadley, and resided in Whately.

5. Martha, b. in Hatfield, March 25, 1760, m. Nathan Gerry.

6. Consider, b. in Hatfield, March 25, 1762, m. (1) Perses Lull, (2) Elizabeth Weson, and resided in Whately.

7. Sally, b. in Hatfield, June 25, 1765, d. Oct., 1776.

8. Daniel, b. in Hatfield, Aug. 5, 1766, m. Jan. 10, 1805, Mary Hastings, of Hatfield.

9. Elisha, b. in Hatfield, April 2, 1769,

10. Electa, b. in Hatfield, Sept. 16, 1771.

11. Jonathan, b. in Hatfield, April 20, 1775, m. (1) Betsey Brown, (2) Nancy Robinson, and resided in Whately.

Elisha Waite, Jr.⁵, son of Elisha⁴, b. in Hatfield, April 2, 1769, d. March 3, 1843, m. (1) 1796, Rhoda Field, dau. of Eliakim and Esther (Graves) Field, of Hatfield. She was b. Oct. 26, 1758, and d. Jan. 19, 1819, aged 60 years, (2) Hannah Graves. She d. Oct. 15, 1825, aged 47 years. They resided on the old homestead. Children.

1. Justin, b. in Hatfield, Jan. 2, 1797.
2. George, b. in Hatfield, Nov., 1798, m. (1) Mary White, (2) Melissa Preston.
3. Dolly, b. in Hatfield, Jan. 24, 1801, m. Justin Hastings, of Hatfield.

George Waite⁶, son of Elisha⁵, b. in Hatfield, Nov., 1798, d. Nov. 8, 1869, m. (1) March 2, 1820, Mary, dau. of Elijah and Mary (Smith) White, of Hatfield. She was b. Dec. 13, 1795, d. Nov. 6, 1827, aged 32. (2) 1832, Melissa Preston, dau. of Joel and Aphia (Stebbins) Preston, of Granby, Mass. She was b. Nov. 5, 1802, d. Oct., 1878. Children.

1. George W., b. in Hatfield, July 12, 1836. Supt. of schools at Oberlin, O.
2. Charles P., b. in Hatfield, July 26, 1838. Killed in the army in 1863.
3. Henry L., b. in Hatfield, March, 1840. Resides in Brooklyn, N. Y.
4. John E., b. in Hatfield, Oct. 24, 1841. Went to the West.

Justin Waite⁶, son of Elisha⁵, b. in Hatfield, June 2, 1797, d. Feb. 3, 1851, m. Dec. 6, 1821, Olive Cooley, dau. of Jonah and Ziriah (Allis) Cooley, of Somers, Conn. She was b. Feb. 5, 1795, d. Jan. 9, 1875. Resided in Hatfield, a farmer. 4 children.

1. Angelina, b. Oct. 14, 1822, m. Nov. 30, 1842, Wm. H. Dickinson.
2. James Otis, b. Apr. 23, 1825.
3. Emma Z., b. Dec. 25, 1831, m. May 30, 1854, Alden P. Beals, and d. May 24, 1855.
4. Augusta O., b. Nov. 18, 1836, m. June 14, 1856, Alden P. Beals.

James Otis Waite⁷, son of Justin⁶, b. in Hatfield, April 23, 1825, m. May 13, 1851, Louisa Lyman, dau. of Jeremiah and Orpha (Bush) Lyman, of Easthampton. She was b. Dec 31, 1824. He resides in Hatfield and is held in high esteem by his townsmen. 6 children.

1. Justin L., b. in Hatfield, June 28, 1862.
2. Clara Z., b. in Hatfield, Aug. 2, 1854, d. June 4, 1860.
3. Frederic H., b. in Hatfield, d. June 27, 1860.
4. Emma A., b. in Hatfield, July 26, 1856.
5. Mary L., b. in Hatfield, Sept. 26, 1858.
6. Ellen A., b. in Hatfield, May 20, 1861.

DICKINSON.

A large and influential family have descended from Nathaniel and Ann Dickinson, and Nathaniel himself filled many important places. He was in Wethersfield, Conn., in 1637, or during the Pequot war, and tradition makes him one of the followers of Capt. Mason against the Pequots. He was town clerk of Wethersfield in 1645, and member of the Conn. legislature from 1646 to 1656. He and his sons, John and Thomas, engaged to go to Hadley, April 18, 1659, and he was one of the committee of five who went in advance of the others to lay out home lots on "Old Hadley Street." He served as selectman in Hadley. He approved and voted for the settlement of Hatfield, and two of his sons, Nathaniel and Samuel, were among the twenty-five persons engaging to come to the West Side. Of his children, we only follow Joseph.

Joseph Dickinson², son of Nathaniel, b. in Wethersfield, Ct. Freeman, of Conn., 1657, removed to Northampton, 1664, where he remained until 1674, when he removed to Northfield, and was killed the next year while in service with Capt. Beers, Sept. 4, 1675. He m. before his removal to Northfield, Phebe Bracy, and by her had 6 children, 5 of them sons. Among them was Nathaniel.

Nathaniel Dickinson³, son of Joseph², b. in Northampton May 20, 1670, d. 1745, m. Hannah, dau. of Lt. Daniel and Sarah (Cross) White, of Hatfield. Resided in Hatfield, had 9 children. Among them was Obadiah. For the others see White Gen., page 32.

Obadiah Dickinson⁴, son of Nathaniel³, b. in Hatfield, July 28, 1704, d. June 24, 1788, aged 84 years. Dr. Lyman preached his funeral sermon from the text in Eccl., 7:1—"A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the

day of one's birth," to a large congregation. He was much in office, a very prominent citizen. Was the owner of an immense quantity of lands, situated in Hatfield and contiguous towns. A deacon in the church. He m. (1) May 26, 1726, Mary, dau. of John and Sarah (Waite) Belding, of Hatfield. She was b. July, 1705, d. Feb. 10, 1747. She bore him 10 children. m. (2) Martha, dau. of Joseph and Mary (Warner) Waite. She was b. Oct. 7, 1724, d. Nov. 18, 1785. She bore him 9 children, as we learn from his own records, still extant, though the History of Hadley only enumerates 12 of them.

1. Elijah, b. in Hatfield, July 31, 1727, d. probably Jan. 26, 1813, aged 86 years.
2. Elihu, b. in Hatfield, Oct. 11, 1729, d. Aug. 31, 1742.
3. Lucy, b. in Hatfield, Nov. 10, 1731, m. Eleazer Allis, of Hatfield.
4. Lois, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 9, 1733, d. Aug. 27, 1742.
5. Israel, b. in Hatfield, Feb. 21, 1736, m. Nov. 20, 1764, Mercy Partridge, of Hatfield.
6. Hannah, b. in Hatfield, Oct. 4, 1738, m. Nov. 14, 1755, Julius Allis, of Conway.
7. Obadiah, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 6, 1740, d. at 20 months.
8. Submit, b. in Hatfield, Oct. 21, 1742, m. 1766, Samuel Gaylord, of Hadley.
9. Lois, b. in Hatfield, Aug. 5, 1744, m. 1770, John C. Williams, of Hadley.
10. Mary, b. in Hatfield, Jan., 1746, d. the next year
11. Mary, b. in Hatfield, Jan. 6, 1748, m. Jan. 27, 1774, Elisha Allis, of Whately.
12. Obadiah, b. in Hatfield, March 27, 1751, d. Oct. 11, 1755, aged 4 years 7 months.
13. Infant, b. in Hatfield, April 12, 1753, d.
14. Elihu, b. in Hatfield, Sept. 4, 1755.
15. Obadiah, b. in Hatfield, Aug. 31, 1757, m. June 28, 1787, Sophia Pomeroy, of Northfield.
16. Martha, b. in Hatfield, Sept. 14, 1759, d. same day.
17. Martha, b. in Hatfield, Oct. 26, 1761, m. Oct. 29, 1790, John Barrett, of Northfield, a famous lawyer of his day.
18. Silas, b. in Hatfield, April 3, 1764, d. Aug. 26, 1775.
19. Sylvia, b. in Hatfield, May 6, 1766, d at 6 weeks.

Elihu Dickinson⁵, son of Dea. Obadiah⁴, b. in Hatfield, Sept. 4, 1755, d. Aug. 8, 1809 aged 54 years; m. 1779, Mary Smith, dau. of John and Mary Smith, of Hatfield. She was b. 1751, d. May 23, 1820, aged 69 years. A farmer and resident at Hatfield on the old Homestead of Fathers. Had children.

1. Cotton, b. at Hatfield, Sept 13, 1779, d. Sept. 27, 1799.
2. Israel, b. at Hatfield, Sept. 23, 1781, m. Polly Dickinson.
3. William, b. at Hatfield, June 13, 1783.
4. Pamela, b. at Hatfield, June 21, 1785, m. Joseph Longley, of Shirley.
5. Silas, b. in Hatfield, Oct. 20, 1786, d. unm. Oct. 7, 1873, aged 87 years.
6. Clarissa, b. in Hatfield, April 11, 1788, m. Edmund Longley, of Boston.
7. Son, b. at Hatfield, May 19, 1791, died May 24, 1791.
8. Daughter, b. at Hatfield, Jan. 11, 1792, d. same day.

William Dickinson⁶, son of Elihu⁵, b. at Hatfield, June 13, 1783, d. Dec. 29, 1870, aged 87 years. m. Fanny, dau. of Lieut. Samuel and Sarah (White) Smith. She was b. in Hatfield, 1787, d. Feb. 21, 1853, aged 65 years 6 months. A farmer by occupation, lived on the old Dea. Obadiah Dickinson homestead in Hatfield. Had children.

1. John S., b. at Hatfield, Oct. 11, 1814, d. Jan. 23, 1853.
2. Mary Smith, b. at Hatfield, Aug. 26, 1816, d. Sept. 21, 1838.
3. William Henry, b. at Hatfield, March 4, 1820.

William Henry Dickinson⁷, son of William⁶, b. at Hatfield, March 4, 1820, m. Nov. 30, 1842, Miss Angelina Waite, dau. of Justin and Olive (Cooley) Waite of Hatfield. She was born in Hatfield Oct. 14, 1822. He is a farmer, bank director, and prominent in town and county. His children were all born on the old homestead that was for so long a time occupied by his ancestors. Children.

1. James Waite, b. at Hatfield, Oct. 24, 1844, m.
2. Mary Smith, b. at Hatfield, Oct. 14, 1847, d. Aug. 13, 1849.

3. Sarah Emma, b. Nov. 23, 1851, m. Dec. 13, 1871, Elijah Ashley Bardwell, of Hatfield. He was b. Feb. 1, 1846. She had one son, and d. Aug. 10, 1876 ; son named James Dickinson Bardwell, b. at Hatfield, May 10, 1875.

4. William Cooley, b. at Hatfield, Sept. 18, 1853, unm.

James Waite Dickinson*, son of Wm. H., b. at Hatfield, Oct. 24, 1844. d. Nov. 10, 1868, m. Nov. 14, 1867, Avie M. Wood, dau. of Eliphas H. and Sarah (Bartlett) Wood, of Whately. She was b. Sept. 5, 1844 ; res. in Hatfield ; they had one child.

1. Mary J., b. at Hatfield, Sept. 26, 1868.

BARDWELL.

Little is known of the Bardwell ancestry in England. The *Gazetteer of the World*, 6 Vol. 8vo., Edinburgh, 1856, mentions Bardwell parish, Suffolk Co.; and *Beauties of Eng. and Wales*, 18 Vol., London, 1813, on Suffolk, says Bardwell is said to have given name to the family of Bardwells, who were here as early as the time of William the Conqueror. Sir William Bardwell, a celebrated soldier, whose effigy still adorns the window of the parish church, died in 1434 "seized of this manor." The coat of arms of the family indicate warlike proclivities.

Robert Bardwell came to this country from London, England, in 1670, being then twenty-three years old. He became an "Indian fighter" and carried dispatches to Hadley in 1674, during King Philip's war. Remaining and becoming a resident of Hatfield, on May 17, 1675, he led the Hatfield boys under Capt. Turner, at the Turners Falls fight. He lived on the place which forty years ago was known as the Alpheus Longley place.

Robert Bardwell m. Mary, dau. of Wm. Gull, of Hatfield, Nov. 29, 1676. He d. Jan. 9, 1726. Killed by a falling timber at the raising of a barn, aged 79 years. She d. Nov. 12, 1726. They had 11 children. For dates of birth, see *History of Hadley*, pp. 450.

Ebenezer Bardwell², son of Robert¹, b. in Hatfield, Oct. 19, 1679, d. July 13, 1732, m. April 25, 1706, Mary, dau. of Joseph and Joanna (Wyatt) Field, of Hatfield. She was b. July 18, 1684. They resided on the estate that descended from Robert. Had children.

1. Ebenezer, b. in Hatfield, Sept. 10, 1707, m. Elizabeth Gillett and removed to Whately.

2. Hannah, b. in Hatfield, Jan. 24, 1709.

3. Joseph, “ “ 1711.

4. Remembrance, “ 1713.

5. Esther, “ “ 1715, d. soon.

6. Jonathan, “ “ Jan. 5, 1718. We have no knowledge of what ever became of Jonathan or Joseph; they were living in 1732, because the widow Mary was appointed guardian of Joseph, who was 21 years old, and of Jonathan and of three other younger children. They probably died soon or were of weak minds.

7. Abigail, b. in Hatfield, Oct 14, 1722, m. Noah Wells and rem. to Whately.

8. Esther, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 16, 1723, m. 1743, Daniel Morton, and rem. to Whately.

Remembrance Bardwell³, son of Ebenezer², b. in Hatfield, 1713, d. Nov. 19, 1779, m. 1742, Hannah, dau. of Ebenezer and Hannah (Frary) Dickinson, of Hatfield. She was b. Feb. 17, 1715, and d. March 16, 1788; resided on the old homestead, a man of much prominence and influence. Children.

1. Sarah, b. in Hatfield, Aug. 30. 1743, m. March 14, 1770, Jesse Billings.

2. Noah, b. in Hatfield, April 28, 1748, m. Lucy Waite and rem to Whately.

3. Hannah, b. in Hatfield, Aug. 4, 1750, m. Aaron Dickinson, of North Hatfield.

4. Seth, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 23, 1752.

Seth Bardwell⁴, son of Remembrance³, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 23, 1752. Killed by lightning, June 16, 1795, aged 43 years. m. May, 31, 1773, Hannah Dickinson, dau. of Salmon, of Hatfield. She was b. 17—. He settled on the old Bardwell homestead; an active business man. Children.

1. Elijah, b. in Hatfield, Nov. 12, 1775.
2. Silas, b. in Hatfield, April 27, 1777, m. Pamela, dau. of Wm. Morton.
3. Lois, b. in Hatfield, Nov. 7, 1779, m. Oct. 18, 1808, Alpheus Longley.
4. Remembrance, b. in Hatfield, Feb. 17, 1782, m. Sophia, dau. of John Allis.
5. Seth, Jr., b. in Hatfield, May 18, 1784, m. Ann Warner, of Williamsburg.
6. Hannah, b. in Hatfield, July 31, 1786, d. soon.
7. William, b. in Hatfield, Aug. 21, 1788, m. Jan. 21, 1814, Sabro Swift.
8. Oliver, b. in Hatfield, April 25, 1791, d. Dec. 17, 1802.
9. Jeremiah, b. in Hatfield, May 5, 1793, m. Rosamond Harris.
10. Salmon D., b. in Hatfield, Feb. 29, 1796, m. Lucy Ann White.

Elijah Bardwell⁵, son of Seth⁴, b. in Hatfield, Nov. 12, 1775, d. Feb. 16, 1857, aged 82 years. m. Jan. 2, 1800, Miriam Dickinson, dau. of Joseph, of Hatfield. She was b. Aug. 30, 1781, and d. Oct. 8, 1841. They lived and died in their native town, respected by all. 3 children.

1. Hannah, b. in Hatfield, 1801, d. Jan. 2, 1893.
2. Elijah, Jr., " " Sept. 13, 1802.
3. Hannah, " " May 7, 1812. m. Nov. 27, 1837, Asahel Wright, of Deerfield, and she d. May 4, 1874.

Elijah Bardwell⁶, son of Elijah⁵, b. in Hatfield, Sept. 13, 1802, d. March 28, 1883, aged 81 years. m. Dec. 12, 1833, Cynthia Field, dau. of Lucius, of Leverett. She was b. July 28, 1810, d. Feb. 14, 1878. He was an active business man, much in public life. 6 children.

1. Martha Jane, b. in Hatfield, July 5, 1838.
2. Caleb Dickinson, Jr., b. in Hatfield, Sept. 28, 1840, m. Sarah A. Warner.
3. Henry Field, b. in Hatfield, Nov. 6, 1842, m. Alice L. Brown.

4. Elijah Ashley, b. in Hatfield, Feb. 1, 1846, m. Sarah E. Dickinson.

5. Asahel Wright, b. in Hatfield, May 28, 1848, drowned July 28, 1864.

6. Frederick Harrison, b. in Hatfield, Feb. 12, 1854.

Frederick Harrison⁷, son of Elijah⁶, b. in Hatfield, Feb. 12, 1854, m. Dec. 4, 1879, Maria Irene Curtis, dau. of Lucius, of Hatfield. She was b. Sept. 23, 1857. They reside on the homestead of his father. Children.

1. Ruby Irene b. in Hatfield, March 14, 1883.

2. Arthur Curtis Jr., b. in Hatfield, Aug. 10, 1885.

3. Homer Frederick, “ “ Dec. 19, 1887.

GRAVES.

Thomas Graves came to America in 1644 or 1645. He had lands granted him in Hartford, Conn., March 14, 1649—see London Records, Vol. 2, p. 18. His sons, Isaac and John, were among those who agreed to remove to Hatfield before Mar. 25, 1661. Thomas came with them. He had by his wife, Sarah, five children, viz., Isaac, John, Samuel, Nathaniel, and a daughter, probably named Elizabeth. Isaac and John were among the slain at Hatfield, Sept. 19, 1677, Nathaniel died at Wethersfield, Sept. 28, 1682. Six days after the massacre, Sept. 25th, the Northampton Court records show the appointment of John Alice, of Hatfield, to the office of clerk of the writs for that town in place of Isaac Graves, deceased.

Isaac Graves m. Mary Church; 10 children were born to them. For names and dates, see History of Hadley, p. 501.

John Graves³, son of Isaac², b. in Hatfield, in 1664. His wife Sarah bore him 9 children. For records see History of Hadley. So far as our purpose is concerned we will only follow Elnathan.

Elnathan Graves⁴, son of John³, b. in Hatfield, Aug. 20, 1699, d. Feb. 17, 1785, aged 85 years. m. (1) March 2, 1727, Martha, dau. of Dea. Nathaniel Dickison, of Hatfield. She

was b. Dec. 25, 1701, d. Jan. 9, 1756, aged 55. (2) m. Dorothy Belding, a dau. of Ebenezer Morton, of Hatfield, a widow of John Belding. Res in Hatfield. Had children.

1. Seth, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 27, 1727, m. Mary, dau. of Col. John Dickinson.

2. Perez, b. in Hatfield, April 26, 1730.

3. Silas, " " Feb. 8, 1732, m. Hannah Field, dau. of John and Editha Field.

4. Lucy, b. in Hatfield, May 8, 1734. m. Benjamin Wells.

5. Martha, " " Feb. 26, 1739, m. John Nash, of Williamsburg.

Capt. Perez Graves⁵, son of Elnathan⁴, b. in Hatfield, April 26, 1730, d. —, aged — years. m. (1) May 16, 1754, Martha, dau. of Samuel Gillett, of Hatfield, d. ——. m. (2) Zeruiah, widow of Lt. Elihu White and dau. of Ebenezer Cole, of Hatfield. She was b. Nov. 30, 1741, d. Dec. 13, 1820. Res. in Hatfield. Children.

1. Samuel, b. in Hatfield, May 4, 1755, d. 1818, m. Abigail Edgerton, of Sterling.

2. Elisha, b. in Hatfield, Sept. 2, 1757, m. Catherine Parsons, of Northampton, where he resided, and his descendants are quite numerous there; among them is H. B. Graves.

3. Martha, b. in Hatfield, April 28, 1759, m. Moses Montague.

4. Perez, b. in Hatfield, Jan. 2, 1761, d. 1856, aged 82 yrs. m. (1) Miss Bryant, of Chesterfield, (2) Catherine Parsons, of Northampton.

5. Elnathan, b. in Hatfield, Feb. 2, 1763, d. June, 1827, m. Lydia Pomeroy, of Northampton.

6. William, b. in Hatfield, Feb. 11, 1766, a clergyman settled in Woodstock, Ct.

7. Solomon, b. in Hatfield, March 12, 1768.

8. Levi, " " Jan. 12, 1772, m. Nov. 20, 1799, Mary Smith, of South Hadley.

9. Timothy, b. in Hatfield, April 30, 1775, m. Lydia Graves, dau. of Amasa Graves, of Middlefield, Mass.

At an early period of the settlement of Williamsburg, Elnathan⁴ bought a large tract of land there and subsequently three sons of Capt. Perez Graves⁵ settled on this land viz.:—Samuel, Perez, Jr., and Elnathan. This last named was the father of Dea. Elnathan Graves, of Williamsburg, the long time County Commissioner of Hampshire County.

Solomon Graves⁶, son of Capt. Perez⁵, b. in Hatfield, March 12, 1768, d. Oct. 8, 1843, aged 75 years, m. 1793, Esther Bliss, dau. of Ebenezer and Sarah (Cooley) Bliss, of Longmeadow, Mass. She was b. 1763, and d. May 26, 1839. Resided in Hatfield, a farmer. Had children.

1. Thaddeus, b. in Hatfield, Sept. 11, 1794, m. Polly Gerry, of Hatfield, b. Sept. 3, 1797.

2. Eliza, b. in Hatfield, June 26, 1796, m. John Wells, of Williamsburg.

3. Solomon, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 3, 1798.

4. Ebenezer, “ “ March 31, 1801, m. Rowena Wells, of Williamsburg.

5. William, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 30, 1804, d. while pursuing his college course.

Solomon Graves⁷, son of Solomon⁶, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 3, 1798, d. June 25, 1867, aged 68 years, 7 months. m. (1) Nov. 25, 1821, Pamela Osborne, of Hadley; d. Dec. 27, 1825. He m. (2) 1831, Sophia, dau. of Consider and Mercy (Clark) Morton, of Whately. She was b. Nov. 5, 1801, and d. June 15, 1880. He was a farmer and res. at Hatfield. Children.

1. William, b. in Hatfield, Dec. 22, 1825, m. Louise Smith.

2. Thaddeus, “ “ Nov. 1, 1834.

3. Sophia, “ “ June 4, 1836, m. March 29, 1859, E. J. King. She d. Jan. 11, 1872, had one dau. Mary A., b. June 14, 1860.

Thaddeus Graves⁸, son of Solomon⁷, b. in Hatfield, Nov. 1, 1834, m. Nov. 2, 1866, Mary A. dau. of John and Mrs. Clarissa (Clapp) Hubbard, of Hatfield. She was b. Aug. 16, 1834.

They reside in Hatfield. He is a graduate of Amherst College, a member of the Hampshire County Bar, and is a very successful farmer, occupying the farm formerly owned by his father. Children.

1. Clara L., b. in Hatfield, Oct. 9, 1867.
2. Laura H., “ “ June 24, 1869.
3. Mary Augusta, “ May 27, 1871.
4. Anna M. “ “ Sept. 17, 1873.
5. Thaddeus, “ “ May 27, 1874.

APPENDIX.

The following papers were not read at the Anniversary Exercises, but are closely related to the events which they commemorate, and are published for reference and preservation.

Mr. Judd:—I enclose you a correct copy of the Rev. Hope Atherton's letter, I mentioned, etc. Hoping it may be of value to your purpose, I remain,

Yours truly,

HENRY R. STILES, M. D.

New York, No. 1, Wall St.,
Sept. 19, 1857.

Extract from a letter of "Stephen Williams, Longmeadow," (dated June 8, 1781) which *accompanied* the above letter, addressed to *President Stiles*.

"In looking over my papers I found a copy of a paper left by the Rev. Mr. Hope Atherton, the first minister at Hatfield, who was ordained May 10, 1670. This Mr. Atherton went out with the forces (commanded by Captain Turner, captain of the garrison soldiers, and Capt. Holyoke of the county militia) against the Indians at the falls above Deerfield, in May, 1676. In the fight upon their retreat, Mr. Atherton was unhorsed and separated from the company, wandered in the woods some days and then got into Hadley, which is on the east side of the Connecticut River. But the fight was on the west side. Mr. Atherton gave account that he had offered to surrender himself to the

enemy, but they would not receive him. Many people were not willing to give credit to his account—suggesting that he was beside himself. This occasioned him to publish to his congregation and leave in writing the account I enclose to you. I had the paper from which this is copied from his only son, with whom it was left. The account is doubtless true, for Jonathan Wells, Esq., who was in the fight and lived afterward at Deerfield, and was intimately acquainted with the Indians after the war, did himself inform *me* that the Indians told him that after the *falls fight*, that a little man with a black coat and without any hat, came toward them, but they were afraid and ran from them [him ?], thinking it was the *English* man's God :'' etc.

REV. MR. ATHERTON'S LETTER.

Hope Atherton desires this Congregation and all people that shall hear of the Lord's dealings with him, to praise and give thanks to God for a series of remarkable deliverances wrought for him. The passages of divine providence (being considered together) make up a complete temporal salvation. I have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and both the *rod* and *staff* of God delivered me. A particular relation of extreme sufferings that I have undergone, and signal escapes that the Lord hath made way for, I make openly, that glory may be given to him, for his works that have been wonderful in themselves, and marvellous in mine eyes ; and will be so in the eyes of all whose hearts are prepared to believe what I shall relate. On the morning (May, 1676) that followed the night, in which I went out against the enemy with others, I was in eminent danger through an instrument of death ; a gun was discharged against me at a small distance ; the Lord diverted the bullet so that no harm was done me. When I was separated from the army, none pursued after me, as if God had given the heathen a charge, saying, let him alone, he shall have his life for a prey. The night following I wandered up and down among the dwelling places of our enemies ; but none of them espied me. Sleep fell upon their eyes and slumbering upon their eyelids. Their dogs moved not their tongues. The next day I was encompassed with enemies, unto whom I tendered myself a captive. The

Providence of God seemed to require me so to do. No way appeared to escape, and I had been a long time without food. They accepted not the tender which I made ; when I spake they answered not. When I moved toward them, they moved away from me. I expected they would have laid hands upon me, but they did not. Understanding that this seems strange and incredible unto some, I have considered whether I was not deceived ; and after consideration of all things, I cannot find sufficient grounds to alter my thoughts. If any have reason to judge otherwise than myself, who am less than the least in the Kingdom of God, I desire them to intimate what their reason is. When I have mused, that which hath cast my thoughts according to the report I first made is, that it tends to the glory of God in no small measure ; if it were so as I believe it was, that I was encompassed with cruel and unmerciful enemies, and they were restrained by the hand of God from doing the least injury to me. This evidenceth that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and doth whatsoever pleaseth him among them. Enemies cannot do what they will, but are subservient to overruling providence of God. God always can and sometimes doth set bounds unto the wrath of man. On the same day, which was the last day of the week, not long before the sun did set, I declared with submission that I would go to the Indian habitations. I spake such language as I thought they understood. Accordingly I endeavored ; but God, whose thoughts were higher than my thoughts, prevented me by his good providence. I was carried beside the path I intended to walk in and brought to the sides of the great river, which was a good guide unto me. The most observable passage of providence was on the Sabbath-day morning. Having entered upon a plain, I saw two or three spies, who I (at first) thought had a glance upon me. Wherefore I turned aside and lay down. They climbed up into a tree to spie. Then my soul secretly begged of God, that he would put it into their hearts to go away. I waited patiently and it was not long ere they went away. Then I took that course which I thought best according to the wisdom that God had given me.

Two things I must not pass over that are matters of thanksgiving unto God ; the first is that when my strength was far spent, I passed through deep waters and they overflowed me not ac-

cording to those gracious words of Isa. 43:2; the second is, that I subsisted the space of three days and part of a fourth without ordinary food. I thought upon those words "Man liveth not by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." I think not too much to say that should you and I be silent and not set forth the praises of God through Jesus Christ that the stones and beams of our houses would sing hallelujah. I am not conscious to myself that I have exceeded in speech. If I have spoken beyond what is convenient, I know it not. I leave these lines as an orphan, and shall rejoice to hear that it finds foster Fathers and Mothers. However it fare amongst men, yet if it find acceptance with God, thro' Christ Jesus I shall have cause to be abundantly satisfied. God's providence hath been so wonderful towards me, not because I have more wisdom than others (Danl. 2:30) nor because I am more righteous than others, but because it so pleased God.

H. A.

Hatfield, May 24th, 1676.

NARRATIVE OF THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF JONATHAN WELLS.

Taken down from his own mouth about fifty-three years after the event.

Lying before me, is a manuscript, from which some vandal has cut the signature, but clearly in the handwriting of Stephen, son of Rev. John Williams, our first minister, dated, "Springfield, L. M. Feb. 1, 1731-2." The substance of this was published by Rev. John Taylor, in an appendix to the Redeemed Captive, in 1793, but it seems fitting to give the entire paper on this occasion. Mr. Taylor prefaces the story by saying it was "the substance of an attested copy of the account, taken from his own mouth." At the date of this manuscript Mr. Wells, the hero in fact and name, was living in Deerfield where he died Jan. 3, 1738-9. To this paper will be added some statements connected with it, from other MSS. in the same handwriting, together with a tradition elucidating one point in the narrative.

ESCAPE OF JONATHAN WELLS.

“I shall give an act of the remarkable providences of God towards Jonathan Wells, Esq., (then aged 16 years and 2 or 3 months who was in this action (at the Falls fight, May 19). He was wth the 20 men yt were obliged to fight wth the enemy to recover their horses ; after he mounted his horse a little while (being then in the rear of ye company), he was fired at by three Indians who were very near him ; one bullet passed so near him as to brush his hair, another struck his horse behind a third struck his thigh, in a place which before had been broken by a cart wheel, and never set, but the bones lapd and so grew together. So yt altho’ one end of it had been struck and the bone shattered by ye bullet, yet the bone was not wholly loosd in ye place where it had knit. Upon receiving his wound he was in danger of falling from his horse, but by catching hold of ye horse’s maine he recovered himself. The Indians perceiving they had wound’d him ran up very near to him, but he kept ye Inds back by presenting his gun to ym once or twice and when they stoped to charge, he got rid of them and got up to some of ye company. [In this flight for life, as appears by another scrap on MSS., he stopped and took up behind him Stephen Belding, a boy companion of sixteen years, who thus escaped.] Capt. Turner to whom he represented ye difficulties of ye men in ye rear and urgd yt he either turn back to ye relief, or tarry a little till they all come up and so go off in a body, but ye Capt. replied he had ‘better sàve some, than lose all,’ and quickly ye army were divided into several parties, one pilot crying out ‘if you love your lives follow me.’ Another yt was acquainted with ye woods cryd ‘if you love your lives follow me.’ Wells fell into the rear again and took wth a small company yt separated from others yt run upon a parcel of Indians near a swamp and was most of ym killed. They then separated again and had about ten men left with him, and his horse failing considerably by reason of his wound, and himself spent wth bleeding, he was left with an John Jones, a wounded man likewise. He had now got about 2 miles from ye place where yy did ye exploit in and now yy had left ye track of ye company and were left both by ye Indians yt persued ym and by their own men that should have tarried with ym. These two men were unacquainted wth ye woods, and without any track or path. J. W. had a gun and J.

J. a sword. J. J. represented ye badness of his wounds, and made his companion think they were certainly mortall and therefore when yy separated, in order to find the path, J. W. was glad to leave him, lest he shd be a clog or hindrance to him. Mr. W. grew faint, and once when ye Indians presd' him, he was near fainting away, but by eating a nutmeg, (which his grandmother gave him as he was going out,) he was revived. After traveling awhile, he came upon Green river, and followd it up to ye place calld ye country farms, and passd over Green river and attempted to go up ye mountains, but as he assend'd the hill he faint'd and fell from his horse ; but after a little, he came to himself, and found yt his horse's bridle hung upon his hand and his horse was standing by him. He tyd his horse and laid down again. At length he grew so weak yt he cd not get upon his horse, and conclud'd he must dye there himself, so pitying his horse he dismisd him never thinking to take any provision from him, altho he had three meals of provision behind him. Abt noon this, and at abt sun an hour high at nt, being disturbd by ye flies, he stopd ye touch hole of his gun and struck fire, and set ye woods on fire ; but there being much rubbish, he had like to have been burnt up by it, not being able to get out of ye way ; but by scraping away ye leaves, etc., he was wth much difficulty preserved from burning ; his hands and hair were much burnt notwithstanding all yt he cd do. He then made a fire of some wood yt lay in his reach and lay down by it. Now new fears arose—he concluded yt his fire would direct the Indians where to come to find him, being so weak he cd not stand or go, concluded he must there be killed by ye Indians ; he flung away his powder horn one way and his bullet pouch another, yt yy might not harm you ; reserving a little horn of powder yt he might have one shot before yy killed him ; but wu ye fire spread considerably, he expected yy wd be as like to look in one place as another, and again took courage, and took some tow and stopd into his wound, and bound it up wth his handkerchief and neckcloth, and so securely laid himself down to sleep ; and when asleep, he dreamt yt his grandfather came to him and told him he was lost, but yt he must go down yt river till he came to ye end of ye mountain and then turn away upon ye plain, (he was now abt 12 miles from Deerfield) and yt was ye way home); when he awoke in ye morning, (having been

refreshed by his sleep and his bleeding being stoped), he found he had some strength, and found yt wth ye help of his gun for a staff he cd go after a poor fashion ; when ye sun arose he found himself lost, (tho before he thot ye direction in ye dream was quite wrong,) but upon considering ye rising of ye sun, etc., he resolved to go according to ye direction of ye dream (he had now got 6 miles further from home than ye place was when they did exploit upon ye enemy,) and picking up his powder horn and bullets he girt up himself and set forward down ye river and found yet at length he came to ye end of ye mountain and to a plain (as in his dream which before he knew nothing of, for he was never above ye place calld Hatfield Clay Gully, before this expedition and when he went up twas in ye nt as before observed and he was now many miles from any place where ye army came) he travelled upon ye plain till he came to a foot path wch led up to ye road he went out in, where he cd see ye tracts of ye horses ; he travelled by leaning upon his gun as a staff, and so he came down to D'd river, but did not know how to get over ; he met wth much difficulty, for ye stream card his lame leg acrost ye other leg ; but at length by putting the muzzell of his gun into ye water (for he was loth to wet ye lock) he got over, but filled the muzzell of his gun wth gravel and sand ; being much spent when he got up ye bank, he laid down under a walnut bush and fell asleep, and wn he awoke an Indian was coming over ye river in a cano to him coming ashore to him, near ; his distress was great, he cd not run from his enemy and was quite incapacitated from fighting, (his gun being full of sand and gravell) but he presented his gun, but when the Indian discovered him, he jumped out of his cano (leaving his own gun wch was in ye head of ye cano,) and made his escape and went and told ye Indians yt ye English army was come again for he had seen one of ye scouts. Mr. W. suspecting the Indians wd come to search for him, went away into a swamp (yt was hard by) and finding two great trees yt had been left by ye flood lying at a little distance from each other and covrd over wth rubbish, he crept in betwixt them and within a little while heard a running to and fro in ye swamp, but saw nothing ; within a little while all was still and he ventured to proceed on his journey. (The Indians afterwards gave out that a Narrahgan-sett Indian was going up the river after rats, that he saw ye

track of a man in ye path (yt went up ye bank) and was going to see and saw a man on ye bank and jumpd out of ye cano, and went and told ye Indians ye English army were coming again yt he had seen one of ye scouts, upon wh yy went to ye place, but not seeing anything, yy concluded he was afrightd groundlessly, for ye narrahgansetts yy sd, were no better than squaws etc., so yy made no striet search.”)

[*A digression, but not to be skipped.*.]—The Indian story alone appears to be an attempt to cover up the humiliating fact of their being outwitted by a crippled boy. It is not improbable that Wells told the story as written, with the double purpose of annoying the Indians on a sensitive point, and of concealing the artifice for future emergencies. No one brought up on Cooper's novels, could for a moment believe that Wells escaped in the manner described, and from the writer's boyhood, this part of the story has thrown a shadow of doubt over the whole account of this romantic experience. Any one closely observing a pile of drift wood, will see how difficult it must be for the most careful hand to remove any part of it without leaving unmistakable evidence of the disturbance. And the trail of the hobbling boy from the track “in ye path yt went up ye bank” to the great trees and rubbish “left by ye flood in the swamp” must have been patent to the most casual eye; let alone an Indian on the trail of an enemy: A more interesting and romantic story of border warfare, in real life, is rarely met with. Carefully trace the events as modestly, naively told, with no whining and no complaint. Note the hero's bravery and coolness when attacked. His knightly courtesy in stopping in his flight to rescue Belding. His thoughtfulness for those behind, and his judgment in pleading with Capt. Turner to keep his command in a body. His humanity in releasing his horse. His resignation when lying down to die. His forethought in putting out of the reach of the foe his powder and bullets. His courage in preparing for “one more shot.” His expedient for lighting a fire to keep off the insects. His self possession in building a fire to lie down by, after his narrow escape from being burned to death. His clear headedness when “lost” or “turned round” in the morning. His persistive care for his gun and ammunition. His ingenuity in saving himself when in the very jaws of the enemy. His fortitude under the discouragements by the way,

and his expedients for overcoming them. His reverence and care for the dead at Bloody Brook—here stand clearly revealed traits of the noblest character, in a lad ripened to self reliance by the exigencies of frontier life. It is with great satisfaction that the writer is able to dissipate the faint shadow resting upon the narrative.

The key to this remarkable escape is found in a tradition handed down in the family, and given me by Rodney B. Field, of Guilford, Vt. By this it appears that the “two great trees yt had been left by ye flood lying a little distance from each other and covered over with brush” were lying, one end on the river bank with the other projected into, and supported by, the water. Wading along to the nearest tree, ducking his head under the trunk and standing erect between the two, with head above water, Wells was securely hid, and no trace of his footsteps was left. This was a device which might well baffle his pursuers and was worthy of Leatherstocking himself. The real danger, that which could not have been foreseen, appeared when the Indians in their “running to and fro” stopped for a moment on this cover; under their weight it sank, forcing the poor boy’s head under the water, so that several times he was nearly drowned.

Narrative resumed. “In Deerfield meadows he found some horses’ bones from which he got away some small matter; found two rotted beans in ye meadows where ye Indians had thrashed ye beans, and two blew birds eggs wch was all ye provision he had till he got home. He got up to D’f’d town plat before dark Saturday, but ye town was burned before and no inhabitants, so he kept along. His method of traveling was to go a little ways and then lye down to rest, and was wont to fall asleep, but in ye nt twice he mistook himself when he awoke, and went back again till coming to some remarkable places he was convinced of his mistake and so turned abt again, and at length he took this method, to lay ye muzzell of his gun towards his course, but losing so much, he was discouraged, and laid himself down once and again expecting to dye; but after some recruit was encouraged to set forward again, but meeting wth these difficulties he spent ye whole nt in getting to muddy brook (or as some call it bloody brook); here he buried a man’s head, in ye path, yt was drawn out of ye grave by some vermin, with clefts of wood, etc,

and upon ye road to H'f'd was (like Sampson after the slaughter of ye Philistines) distresd for want of drink, and many times ready to faint, yet got no water till he came to Clay Gully, but divers times he was refreshd by holding his head over candle-wood knots yt were on fire, ye woods being then on fire on ye plains and got to Hatfield between meetings on Sabbath day.

He lay lame under Dr. Lock for some time, and was under Mrs. Allen and Mr. Buckley four years and 2 months (in all) and never had anything allowed him for time or smart, tho yy pd ye surgeon ; he lay at one time half a year in one spot on a bed wthout being turned once, or once taken out, often dispaired of his life, all his skin came off his back by lying in one posture."

On another paper he refers to an account of the wonderful providence of God towards the Rev. Hope Atherton, who was likewise in the expedition. He was unhorsed, lost and left, and would have surrendered himself to the Indians, but they would not receive him, but ran from him. He got over the Great River and got safe into Hadley. This account was drawn up by himself and signed by himself, but the account would be too long to insert in this extract, etc.

[See page 73.]

"The Indians have given the account following to Jonathan Wells, Esq., viz., that the Monday after the fight, 8 Englishmen that were lost came to them and offered to submitt themselves to them, if they would not put them to death, but whether they promised them quarter or not, they took them, and burnt them ; the method of burning them was to cover them with thatch and put fire to it, and set them a running ; and when one coat of thatch was burnt up, they would put on another, and the barbarious creatures that have given this account of their inhumanity, have in a scoffing manner added, that the Englishmen would cry out as they were burning, oh dear ! oh dear ! The Indians themselves account it very unmanly to moan and make ado under the torments and cruelties of their enemies who put them to death."

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE IN RELATION TO
WAITE AND JENNINGS' RANSOM OF CAPTIVES.

Printed from the Bradford Club Papers, by permission of the family of
Franklin Hough, who compiled the same with introduction in 1859.

LETTER FROM MAJOR JOHN PYNCHON TO CPATAIN SYLVESTER
SALISBURY.

[New York Collonial MSS., XXIV]

[Addressed : "These ffor his Honored ffried Capt Salisbury :
Commander in Chiefe at ffort Albany. Hast. Post hast.
for his Maties Special Service."]

Springfield October 5th 1677

Capt Salisbury.

Worthy Sr Yastarday Morning I Recd yor kind lines by
Benja Waite, whereby I vnderstand yor sympathy with vs in or
sad disaster by ye Indians ; & yor readiness in making Inquiry
& greate forwardness to do what Possible lys in yor for vs wch I
haue abundant cause to acknouledge & doe most thankfully ac-
cept frm yor hands, & as to yor opinion of the Maquas being
free & assuring me of their Innocency, I doe fully concur wth
you having sattisfaction frm what you wrot & from Ben Waites
Relation. But to put it out of all doubt, God in his P'vidence
hath sent in one of 8 captivated men, Benoni Stebbings by
name, wch is Ye occasion of these lines to yrselfe by Post, to
give you an accot thereof & desire you to put ye Maquas vpon
psueing their & our Enymys there being greate likelyhood of ye
Maquas overtaking ym.

Benoni Stebbings came in to Hadly last night in ye night,
whose relation was sent to me wch being but an honre since I
had it, I psently resolved vpon sending Post to you. Take his
relation as followeth. The company of Indians was twenty only
about sixe or 7 squas made 26 in all. They were this country
Indians belonging to Nalwotogg all of ym but one a Narrigan-
set. They came froe Canada 3 Months agoe, & had bin Hunt-

ing & were doubtfull whether to fall on Northampton or Hatfield, at last resolved on Hatfield & caryed away from Hatfield 17 psons & 3 from Deerfield, besides ys man that is come in, so yt they haue 20 captives wth ym 3 of ym being men & all well as he says when they took ym at Deerfield after the Noise & Whoops were over at Deerefield, their first Inquiry was whether there were any Maqvas thereabouts & vpon Information yt some had been there, & were supposed not to be farr off, they were all husht. & startled & greatly afraid & goeing silently away forth wth, they tooke vp their Lodging at Deerefield River mouth & next day crossed ye greate River vizt Conecticot to ye east side of it, the next day crossed ye River againe, afterwards they Passed ye River many tymes having cannoes wherein they carryed ye women & children being about 2 days Journey above Squakheag [Northfield] they sent a company of ym about halfe of ym to Nashaway, to call of some Indians yt haue bin there all this tyme of ye war & took Benoni Stebbings along wth ym thither. [Alluding to the visit made to Wanalancet of Naamkeke, who removed on the same day that Hatfield was attacked] Coming to Nashaway ponds, there were 3 Indian men & about halfe a score of squaws wth there children these they went too to take along wth ym having travelled from ye company they left 2 days to Squakheag & then from Squakheag somewhat more than thirty miles to ym Indians neere Nashaway who Pluckt up their stakes having plenty of fish especially eeles, & many dried huckleberrys but no corne: This Benoni being sent with 2 women to carry Hucle berrys Ran away from them, & was psently psued by some men & at one tyme was but a swamp between ym but night comeing on he escaped from his psuers: He says yt one of ye Indians yt they had from about Nashaway Ponds, semes to be a counsellor & wth him they consulted much & spake of sending to ye English, but at last resolved for Canada, yet talkt of making a forte a greate way vp the River & abiding there this winter, talked also of carying the captives to ye French & selling ym to ye French which he concludes they resolved on, but make but slow Passage, having so many women and children: He concluded it would be, It may be, 20 days er they get to ye Lake hunting by ye way. It was Tuesday morning last that he escaped from ye pty wch caryed him with them nere Nashaway, & they had above 30 miles to

goe back to Squakheag, and then neere 2 d. Journey more to ye rest above Squakheag: Ye way he says vp this River is vnpassable for English men & their goeing is by Barken cannoes much of ye way & then to ye best side of ye River men foote it leaving ye worst way: The unpassableness of ye way renders it vnpossible for us to psue or doe any good: But ye conveying speedy word to ye Maquas gives not only a Possibility of their overtaking ym ym wch Deare Sr is ye end of these lines to you: To request you [if none of ye Maqua Sachems be at Albany] to send at our chnage to ye Chiefe of ye Maqvas & give ym an occot of matters, & desire their speedy psueing these Bloody Villians & enamyys of ym & forthwith & without any delay, by which means I hope this Barbarous Crew [who are enemys to Religion Civility & all humanity & haue so deeply Imbrued their hands in most Innocent Blood] may be met with in their returne, before they come to ye Lake or at ye Lake & so our captives Recovered for wch we shall give ye Maques suitable rewards. Good Sr put forward ye Maques to surprise & cut of these villaines. Let ym know yt it will be a greate demonstration of their fidelity & friendship to vs & it is a very Lukey opportunity for ym to kill & catch Indians whom they so much hunt after. And this man yt is come home says they dread Maquas, & all their feare was least some Maquas should psue ym they did not expect or think yt English could & desired to get out of ye Maquas way at first goeing off from Deerefield & thinkeing they were got high enough vp from them a little ye more secure & at rest: So yt now I beleeeve they are at ease & will make so slow prgress having beside our women & children a psell of their owne women & children to clogg ym yt they may safely be taken. And the lighting upon & destroying this company of ye enemy [being it is said 17 men yt is come in ye remaining strength of this river Indians] will be a breaking Blow to ym & a greate meanes of our security. I pray sr doe what you can to Iugage ye Maquas to goe out forthwith to deale effectually in it we desire to do our duty & waite for ye salvation of God.

Sr excuse my scribling I am in great hast to send away ye Messenger to Westfield this Night: bec the speed in getting ye Macques to goe out upon ye enymy before they get on ye Lake is all in all: If they can but come vp with ym it will be easy to take ym: for I tell you their strength as ye man relates, & how

they are clogged with women & children. I doubt not of yor helpfulness in this exigence wch will abundantly Ingage vs & wth greate Readyness shall sattisfie what ye disburse: Wth my endeared Love & Respects to you commending you to ye ptection of ye Almighty God, I remaine Sr

Yor very loving ffriend & servant

JOHN PYNCHON.

Ben Waite is gon home before this Intelligence cam to me. He talkt of goeing to Canada before & I suppose will rather be forward to it now then backward. Possible he may be at Albany about a fortnight hence in referance to a going to ye French when If I be not gon to Boston [wch I have some thoughts to doe next weeke] I shall have some oportunity againe to write to you.

Vale.

J. P.

NARRATIVE OF BENONI STEBBINS.

[New York Colonial MSS. XXV]

Benonie Stebbins which was taken captive by the Indians at Dearfield 12 miles from Hatfield related as followeth

That the Indians that took him weare al Norwooluck Indians saue only one which was a Naraganset. They were 26 in al 18 of them fighting men the rest 2 squas old men & boys. They told him that they had liued at the French & intended to return there again to sel the captiues to them wch had Incouradged them that they should haue eight pound peece for them and the french Indians did intend to come wth them the next time either in the spring or in winter if they had suces this time.

The manner of his escape was thus when they came 2 days journey abone Squakheag they sent part of their company to Wotchnset hills to fetch away 2 smal compeny of Indians that had liued there al this war time with whom they sent this captive be being sent with 2 squas and a mare to fetch some hucleberies a little way from the company when he got vpon the mare and rid till he tired the mare & then run on foot & so escaped to Hadly, being 2 days & $\frac{1}{2}$ wthout victuals.

This relation was taken from his month at Northampton 6th Instant.

P M Samll Eells.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR FRONTENAC OF CANADA TO GOVERNOR
ANDROS OF NEW YORK—

[New York Col-onial MSS. XXVI]

[Endorsed “A Copie of a Letter dated No. 18th 1677 from the Governor of Canada, to the Governor of New York. A Copie of another Jan 8 following.”]

From Quebec, the 18th day of 9br 1677.

Sr Sending now to Boston to bee informed concerning some Frenchmen, who we heare have been caryed Prisoners there, I was willing to take advantage of this occasion, to give you new assurances of my service, & of the good correspondence, which I desire to keepe with you.

If in that I follow the orders of the king my master, I also at the same time, satisfy my particular Inclinacon to let you know with how much truth & passion I am

Yor thrice humble servont

FRONTENAC.

Superscription as below.

From Quebec the 8th of Jan 1678.

Sr The death of Mr Basire one of the principall negotiators of this place, obliging mee to give speedy notice thereof to his partners in France, I thought the way of the Manhatans or Boston to bee the speediest, & the good correspondence that you have allwayes manifested a desire to entertaine betweene us makes me hope that you will direct those I shall send, the best way to have my letters carryed into old England to be sent over from thence by the first vessells. I desire then sr that favor of you & that you will beleene that if in Returne, I were capable of rendring you service in these parts, I would do it with as much joy as I am with passion,

Sr Your servant, thrice humble

FRONTENAC.

To Monsr the General Major Andros,
Govenor of New York at Manath.

EXTRACT FROM THE COUNCIL MINUTES.

[Council Minutes, iii, Part 2, p. 176.]

At a Councell No. 10th 1677.

Lettrs from Albany by Claes Luck who brought down two Englishmen that were sent from the Gov. of Boston to Albany & Canada.

Benjamin Waite owne of the two men sente downe being called in and examined what there business was at Albany saith that they were sent by their Mastrs towards Canada and had directions to goe to Albany and brought a lettr from the Governor of Boston to Capt. Salisbury, they went that way to avoyd their enemies. Being demanded of the discourse between them and some at Schanectade they saying that place did belong to Boston, the wch he denyes pretending it some mistake, they not understanding one anothers Language.

Being askt why they went away without comming againe when Capt. Salisbury ordered them to come, sd they were not willing to be hindred but to make the best of their journey.

Stephen genning the other being askt why they went away without speaking again to Capt Salisbury as he bad them. He saith they were sent by the Governor of Boston towards Canada & had orders to come to Albany, and that Capt. Salisbury gave them no encouragement whereupon being desirous to follow their directions, hoping to finde their wives & children they went on their Journey. Denyes saying Schanectade did belong to Boston &c but says they not understanding on another well Might Mistake.

The matter being taken into consideracon

Resolved that they be permitted to proceed on their voyage wch they shall think proper, for wch order to bee sent to the Commander at Albany.

LETTER FROM TIMOTHY COOPER TO MAJOR JOHN PYNCHON.

[New York Colonial MMS. XXVII.]

[Endorsed: "Copie of a letter from Mr Timo Cooper to Major Pinchon sent doune by Capt Salisbury: Capt Salisbury writt so by order of Councell Mar 18 1677."]

Most Worthy Major

Sr Having now this occasion by two french from Canady who arryved here the 14th Instant beeing about 12 dayes since they came from Canaday & now bound for Boston, I were willing to imbrace the occation knowing it my duty not to omitt any opportunity whereby I may in some small measur Manieifest the great desyer I allwayes have to serve yor worshipp to the utmost of my Capacity: having no other way at present to expresse the same than the presenting you wth these few lynes whereby to Informe you wee have by these ffrench intelligence of Benjamin Waitt and the oysr Save arryvell att Canada: and also thar wyves & children restored unto ym, the rest yt were living are redeemed from under the Indians, ther is three of the Companie dead that is 2 children & the old man the oyr are all in good health: Benj. Waitt and the oyr, have vndergon much Troble & hard ship great part of which I will not say, it was only to satisfie some base minded persons. Though it hath now pleased God to mak up all the Trobles they have met wth by restoring to them thar wyves & children.

I pray God that they May find more favor and Civell respect from the peopell they are now among, then they have in some oyr plac, of which I conclud you have already hard, and therfor at present I shall not relait to you the cercumstance and Maner of ther vsage. But it was such as I think it fare below Christianity, or common Civility. Sr I begg your pardon In what I omitt, in reference to oyr Concernes, not having tym to Inlarge, at present; But assure you, I am not unmyndfull of my Trust, but shall indevor wth Gods assistance to discharge the same, to the good satisfaction of all. So with my humble service to yorself & good Lady, I take Leave to style my self Sr

Yor Most humble & obedient Servt

Timo: Cooper.

PASSPORT OF MONSIEUR LUSIGNY.

[New York Colonial MSS., XXVII.]

[Endorsed: "Copie of the Governor of Canada's Passeport for Monsr Lusigny who conveyed the English prisoners taken by the Indians at Hadley, Hattfield &c. April 30th 1678."]

Translation.

"The Count de Frontenac, Governor and Lieutenant General for His Majesty in Canada, Acadia, Newfoundland and other territories of New France.

We have given leave and passport to Sieur de Lusigny, one of the gentlemen of our household, to whom we have entrusted the command of an escort of English prisoners taken by the Sacoquis, and whom we send back, to go to Albany and Boston to negotiate with his Honor the Governor the business with which we have charged him. We command all those within our jurisdiction, and request all others, to allow the said Sieur de Lusigny with the escort and the English whom they conduct to pass without hindrance and to render them every aid and assistance.

In witness whereof we have signed this passport sealed it with our arms and countersigned it by one of our secretaries at Quebec this thirtieth day of April, 1678.

FRONTENAC.

By M. Barrois."

MILITARY STRENGTH OF CANADA IN 1678.

[New York Colonial MSS., XXVII.]

[Endorsed: "A relaçon of the forces at Canada from one of the French men in May, 1678."]

Being in a discourse with Monsr de la Chambre, [one of Count de Frontenac's Guards] did relate that they had 25 men Officers & all in the Garrison of Quebec & 33 Guns in the ffort, & in the Battery that is below the ffort, whereof 4 of the biggest [of 9lb bullit] were not mounted ; At troy Rivers, [Three

Rivers] some very few Gunns & 6 men with a serjeant, At Mont Royall [Montreal] likewise a small fort with 8 men, both Townes having Govrs placed by Frontenac.

There are 6 or 8 Cpts belonging to the place, who have the Comand upon occasion of the Companies belonging to the Colony weh are roused in time or warre & are to bee in redinesse. The Fort at Quebec is not now strong the opening the Bastions being bloune up wth powder last St. Johns day, with the losse of 9 men, & is not yet built up. He sayes they have not a strong fort in Canada, but the Fort Cadarachque [Cataraqui, now Kingston] is strong.

The Go: Frontenac hath some 8 or 10 Gentl who doe keepe him Compa, and doe eate at his Table daily, he hath 16 men to bee Guard & all other officers in his house, as our Earles have in Engld this is what I have learnt at present having not fully discoursed with him, the rest you shall have the next.

LETTER FROM CAPT. SALISBURY TO CAPT. BROCKHOLLS.

[New York Colonial MSS., XXVII.]

Sr Upon the 22th of this Instant came to this Place Benjamin Wayt & Stephen Gennings with 19 of those people yt were taken by ye Indians at Hadfeilde & Hadly & have for there convey 11 ffrench men 3 of them belonge to ye Gove of Cannada garde & those 3 with other 2 goeth with those people to Boston. The other 6 staye heere untill ye 5 doeth come backe hauing passes & letrs of credence, and to detaine them I could not see any strength to doe it, therefore I desire you'l spedy answer by this expresse, wheather I shall detaine them and sende them down at there Returne for I would be punctiall in my Dewty, and not willing to committ any Errors, soe yor spedy answer of my laste as well as of this will be a very greate help to let me see how I shall Govern Myselfe.

I haue descoursed with Benja Wayte Concerning there lieueing in Canada & how strong in men & in there ffortifycations & as to their lieuing its very meaine for the Commonallity are very much oppresed with greate taxes, but the Gour and ye reste of the greate ones, liues hy after the French manner and so there strength of men thay cane make 1000 or 2 but thay liue

in littell villages haueing littell plantations here and there som 20 & 30 miles from villadge to villadge & in som vil there is 20 & in some 30 houses. They liue as Indians and gett there liuing by hunteing and there fortifications ar not very stronge. I woulde know wheather I shall beare there Expences while there aboad is heer & I pray you let the bearers be furnished with prouitions at ther Returne haueing not ffurther to inlarge but remaine your very humble servt

SILVES' SALISBURY.

ffort Albany ye 23th May 1678.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BROCKHOLLS TO CAPT. SALISBURY.

[New York Colonial MSS., XXVII.]

Capt Salisbury.

Sr I recd yours yesterday in the Evening of the 23th with the enclosed copies of the passeports & letter from the Governor of Canada, wherein you intimate the coming of 11 French men to Albany to convey Benjamin Wait & Stephen Gennings with the people that were taken prisoners by the Indyans the last fall at Hatfield & Hadley [who without doubt are joyful to returne back to their habitacons] withall that 5 of the 11 French were gone forward to Boston with those people, the other 6 remaining behind with you untill the returne of their Comerades concerning ye carriage to whom you desire to bee advised I have communicated what you writ & . . . Councell who are of opinion that [there was] no need to have conveyed those [men farther] than Albany, from whence you might [have sent] persons with them to their homes.

The Comunicacon of the French with the Indyans as they passe being to bee suspected, at that time of so great a likelihood of warrs with them and it would haue beene well to have knowne what buisnesse they had to negotiate with the Go: of Boston, but since they are past it cannot bee helpt & it is hoped they will doe no greate harme & there being as yet no declaracon of warre knowne to [have been made and their] coming also upon so charitable an Acct as the Redemption & bringing back of poore distressed captives of our nation I know not well upon wt pretence they could bee stopt, so that it is therefore the

opinion of the counsell, that when the other 5 shall be returned back you use them with all civility & permitt them quietly to returne back to Canada about their occasions. As for their Expences at Albany it is likewise thought fitt that you defray them for the present & that they may be cleared from it onely that you take [account of the expense] & send it hither where care will bee taken [to send] it to the Go: of Boston, who ought to allow [the amount] it being for people of his Governmt. There was an answer went yesterday to the Commissioners of Alb. before the receipt of this concerning the buisnesse of Will Teller [charged with accidental homicide of an Indian and released May 20] & Will Loveredge with what else was written about by them.

Yor Messenger being dispatcht returnes this afternoone Having not farther I remaine Sr. yor very humble servt.

A. B.

N. Y. Sunday, May 26, 1678.

LETTER FROM COUNT FRONTENAC TO CAPT. BROCKHOLLS WITHOUT DATE ; RECEIVED MAY 31, 1678.

[New York Colonial MSS., XXVII.]

Sr The letter you did mee the honor to write mee of the 28th of February last, is so civill & the offers you make mee are so obliging, that I am glad the sending back of the English taken prisoners by the Indjans [who I caused to be conducted to Orange] hath furnisht me with an opportunity to returne you my thanks sooner than I expected.

I understood by the persons I sent to Boston as also by the Letters from Go Leverett & the counsell, that the Frenchmen sent to enquire after were releast & by that from Capt Salisbury that Go: Andros arrived well at London in 5 weekes timee. I wish him a returne as happy & that I may find means to shew both to him & you the desire I always haue to hold a good correspondence in testifying both to the one & the other how much I am

Sr Yor thrice humble servt

FRONTENAC.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
ALLIS, W. H. ADDRESS OF	54
ANTIQUITIES. COLLECTION OF	58
ATHERTON, HOPE. LETTER OF	73
APPENDIX,	73
BARDWELL GENEALOGY,	66
BARTLETT, GEORGE B. POEM,	48
BRADFORD CLUB PAPERS. EXTRACTS FROM	83
DICKINSON GENEALOGY,	63
GRAVES, THADDEUS. ADDRESS OF WELCOME,	5
GRAVES GENEALOGY,	69
HUNTINGTON, BISHOP F. D. EXTRACTS OF ADDRESS,	45
HUBBARD, SILAS G. HISTORICAL ADDRESS,	21
HOUSELOTS. LOCATION OF	94
MILLER, MARGARET. POEM,	37
PARTRIDGE, JOSEPH L. ADDRESS OF	50
PARTRIDGE, SAMUEL D. LETTER OF	40
SHELDON, HON. GEORGE. ADDRESS OF	10
WAITE, BENJAMIN. LETTER OF	34
WOODS, REV. R. M. ADDRESS OF	52
WAITE GENEALOGY,	60
WELLS, JONATHAN. NARRATIVE OF	76

212TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INDIAN ATTACK ON HATFIELD

AND FIELD-DAY OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

E
3
7
529

296014

6442

13

B

